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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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REFLECTIONS

The Queen of the Ball

THOSE mystic moguls who arrogate unto themselves almost supernatural wisdom, because of their identification with the organization known as the Veiled Prophets, are in sore need of a "calling down," if it be true, as has been intimated, that they contemplate a radical departure from a now venerable custom in the matter of choosing a Queen of Love and Beauty at their ball this year. It has always been the custom to select for this honor a debutante of the season in which the ball is held, and the selections have been so admirable in every respect heretofore, that there is absolutely no reason why there should be any deviation from the honored practice. Those hierophants and oracles of the Veiled Prophet cult who think it would be an excellent scheme to bring about the crowning in this city of a young lady of exalted station at the National Capital are surely daft over the idea of advertising the organization throughout the country. That their plan would result in a great advertisement, if successfully carried out, no one can deny; but the Veiled Prophets is an organization purely local, and the honors it has to bestow should go to local people. There might, possibly, be some excuse for going to Washington, even into the White House, for a Queen next year, during the World's Fair when the Prophets' parade will be truly a world-event. There is no sense in the proposal now bruited about that the Veiled Prophet should honor a certain young lady of exalted position, solely because that same young lady was honored in like manner at the Carnival in New Orleans. St. Louis is not imitating New Orleans in this sort of thing. Besides, the chances are all against the acceptance by the young lady in question of the honor that is intended to be shown. It is not probable that she would come here for that purpose. And it is hardly to be accounted good taste in those who have broached this subject, that they should embarrass either the person they design to honor, or the organization that bestows the queenship. The MIRROR not only hopes, but feels assured, that the choice of the Veiled Prophet for Queen this year will be a St. Louis young lady of old and fine lineage, and rare personal beauty. Next year, mayhap, it would be well to discuss the advisability of bestowing the honor in such a quarter as would properly harmonize with the national and even international significance of the World's Fair.



Something to Remember

AFTER all we must remember that Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk is not the only honest man or honest Democrat in Missouri.



About Lipton

SIR THOMAS LIPTON's invitation, or non-invitation to the yacht club dinner, cannot be construed into an international episode. Sir Thomas is a sport and a good fellow; but in London he has been called a "bounder"—whatever that may mean. The President may or may not have declined to meet Sir Thomas, but the fact is, that the game yachtsman does not stand nearly so high at home as some people in this country imagine he does. The President of the United

States is a democratic sort of person, but he may very well object to being used overmuch as an adventitious aid to the advertisement of certain brands of tea and bacon.



To Build the Canal

WHAT is the use of monkeying longer with Colombia about the right-of-way for an Isthmian canal. This country might as well take what it wants for canal purposes. It will have to maintain the canal and protect it from attack, and as it will be attacked every time there is a revolution in the country we shall have to suppress the revolutionists or the regular forces, or both. There is no use dallying with those mestizo republics in such matters. If we want a canal let us go ahead and build it in spite of all obstacles.



What's the Game?

WHOM will the Republicans nominate for Governor. They are, apparently, mostly concerned in advising Democrats in that regard. Their attitude is peculiar, to say the least.



Garbage

THIS city wants to settle the garbage question, and settle it right; but the garbage contractor appears to have captured one branch of the Municipal Assembly, and to be thus enabled to postpone action until too late for the city to receive bids or to build its own plant for garbage reduction. If Mayor Wells had played a little politics, and backed up the recently shattered House of Delegates organization, he might have secured the action he desires.



The Water Question

ALUM water for the people of the City of St. Louis will not do. Alum is dangerous to public health. The best authorities upon hygiene say so. The water of the Missouri is especially fitted to hold alum in solution in larger quantities than any other water in the world. The alum proposition is simply one to poison the people. Water which this city's officials declare to be polluted with sewage is hardly rendered better for public consumption by the mixture of alum with it. This has been demonstrated in European cities. The only means whereby a city can be supplied with pure water is by going to a source of supply absolutely unpolluted, and that can be kept free of pollution. The water supplied St. Louis now, at its best, will frighten visitors to the World's Fair, will drive them to drink something else. Let us have pure water, but let us have no alum.



"The Call of the Wild"

"THE Call of the Wild," by Jack London, is a book to read for the grit there's in it. Of course, that grit will set one's mental teeth on edge, but that is not wholly harmful. Here is the story of a good and mild and gentle dog developed into painful usefulness through the exfoliation of those qualities in him that lingered from his savage ancestors. The dog learns the fullest bitterness and stress of the theory of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. The animal finds himself kidnapped to the

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Klondike from a pleasant California home, is broken with bludgeonings, is forced to use all his cunning against his fellow dogs and his masters, is compelled to scratch and tear and mangle his way to supremacy in "the pack," is made from a vineyard pet into a brute remorselessly murderous. He is de-evoluted. He harks back to his wolf progenitors, and finally joins them after his last man friends have been slain by Indians. There's a message in the book, a message that is sent home with sledge-hammer effectiveness, even though the reader suspect not as he reads. This dog, trained to usefulness, is not an incomplete type of man in some phases of our present civilizing processes. The story is one that hurts you as you look back on its veritism and behold the symbolism of the tale that is told. The story is told with a directness so vivid as to be almost savage. The writer evidently is lashing his own kind. One cannot say "The Call of the Wild" is pleasant reading, altogether, but one can say that it makes for a softening of heart and broadening of sympathy that we all need at times.



A Young Man's Chance

THIS is the era of the young man, and each man gets his chance, despite the grumblings of the pessimists. But no man gets his chance who doesn't deserve it. And this is illustrated around us every day. Rarely, however, is the truth of this social and economic fact so strongly brought home to one as it has been in the announcement of the retirement of Mr. Robert T. Heed from the position of advertising manager for the Frisco Railroad, and the simultaneous announcement that Mr. Heed has accepted an important position with the Con P. Curran Printing Company, an establishment whose rapid growth is explained by its seeking out the services of just such men as the young gentleman to whom reference is here made. The people of the West and Southwest have long known that the Frisco was the most generously and effectively advertised road in those territories. They have been interested, instructed and entertained by the Frisco advertising methods. They have seen those methods result in a wonderful upbuilding of the territory touched by the road. They have profited, even while they marveled at it, by the ingenuity with which the Frisco presented its merits and those of its tributary regions to the public. Those methods have been an important factor in the immigration movement to the Southwest. They have helped in no small way to populate an empire. Mr. Heed is the young man who brought all the power of photography, art and writing he could control to the accomplishment of this work. He had a genius for strong effects, for finding this thing that would catch on with the people. He had a keen, strong, practical art-sense, and he used it with a sweep that made the Frisco the best advertised road in the West, along his peculiar line. Mr. Heed worked under Mr. Bryan Snyder, the Frisco General Passenger Agent, himself a genius in the matter of knowing what to advertise, and where to advertise it, but Mr. Snyder has branched out into the higher and more strictly speaking managerial duties, and Mr. Heed handled the advertising in a way to excite the envy even of George H. Daniels of the New York Central. Mr. Heed will have further scope for the exercise of his art sense in his new position, for the Con P. Curran Printing Company is branching out with swift enlargement into the field of art printing, contesting for the business prizes in that line with the oldest and best known houses in the country. Mr. Heed will "make good" in his new place. Mr. Heed "has the right stuff in him." He

has fine taste and good hard sense. He has initiative, and he has capacity for divining ideas that will appeal to those with whom he does business. The MIRROR renders this tribute to Mr. Heed because it was in the MIRROR that he made the innovation of presenting reproductions of original oil paintings as advertisements of his road. Other railroad advertisers have since followed his lead, but when he made his first step in this direction he was regarded as little less than an advertising madman.



Commercial Genius in St. Louis

BUSINESS enterprise in St. Louis is of inexhaustible ingenuity. Its latest device to attract and retain trade is to offer rural customers "a trip to St. Louis with hotel bills paid, and the best seats in the theater." This is an irresistible inducement. It should spread the fame of St. Louis' enterprise and generosity to the utmost corners of the continent. A free "flyer" to, and stay in St. Louis, with free theater tickets, should crowd our Union Station facilities and hotel and theater capacity to the utmost. The merchants might go a step further, and add free marriage licenses. That would tend to back up the strenuous Rooseveltian attack on decadent Malthusianism. After a while, commercial advertisement and drumming up of business may contribute some fascinating details to the boresomely dry mass of political economy.



Pedagogues Championing Trusts

A CHICAGO University professor has lately been giving his scholars interesting points as to how trusts are organized. Incidentally, he paid an elegantly-worded, gracious tribute to the Standard Oil Company, the Maecenas whose endowments have created and maintained the Chicago educational institution. In his opinion, the Rockefeller's gigantic monopoly is a public benefactor, and legally unassailable. Said he: "The Standard Oil Company is as legal as the little firm engaged in a corner grocery or hardware business." Let's see. Didn't the Attorney General of Ohio, some years ago, institute legal proceedings for the purpose of having the charter of the gigantic oil trust declared forfeited on the ground that its provisions and the State laws had been violated? And didn't the company afterwards, when the fight upon it became too hot and pressing, deem it best to give up its Ohio charter and to reorganize and obtain another one under the liberal, elastic corporation laws of the State of New Jersey? If the trust thought itself so impregnable, legally, why did it allow itself to be scared out of the State by Ohio's Attorney General? Elsewhere, the same educational authority ventures the statement that "it is better for the public that some large organization like the Standard Oil Company or the United States Steel Corporation should supply its demands than that they should be supplied by some crossroads blacksmith shop or corner grocery." This is real, simon-pure trust philosophy of the approved Rockefeller brand. The professor knows who butters his bread; he knows that but for prosperous, bloated trusts there would be no Harper universities, no million-dollar endowments. He believes in being a local liegeman of him who furnishes the means of subsistence to a horde of tediously reasoning professors knowing no more of practical affairs than does a college graduate who discourses with solemn-visaged profundity about the most abstruse theories. The Standard Oil Trust has a better *raison d'être* than has the "crossroads blacksmith shop or the corner grocery," because it does such a lucrative business that it is enabled to make the most generous

endowments. Its methods of doing business may be radically different, ethically, from those of the small merchant, but that does not make any essential difference in the eyes of trust-subsidized pedagogues. To the latter it matters nothing how the trusts accumulate their immense surpluses; they earn them, and that is, in pedagogic eyes, *prima facie* evidence that they have been accumulated honestly. The man who defends trusts is afflicted with chronic moral strabismus.



Chamberlain's Defeat

THE British Cabinet has endorsed Mr. Balfour's attitude towards Chamberlain's fiscal agitation, which is that no change is needed or desirable at the present time. This should convince the man from Birmingham that it would be utterly futile for him as Cabinet member longer to persist in his advocacy of preferential tariffs. The overwhelming majority of British voters is loyally devoted to free trade. It is fully persuaded that protection is injurious, rather than otherwise, that it favors a certain class to the prejudices of the masses. British voters know that England has prospered under the free trade *régime*, and that the working classes are in every respect better situated at present than they were fifty years ago. There is a probability that Chamberlain will find it advisable to hand in his resignation at an early date. He is out of place in a Cabinet which has unceremoniously rejected his plans. Balfour's government will be held under suspicion as long as the Colonial Chamberlain is allowed a voice in it. Only two or three weeks ago, the latter made the brazen assertion that the British Cobden Club is subsidized by foreign manufacturers. This sublime effrontery was remindful of the days when the free trade party in the United States was subjected to similar preposterous insinuations. Foreign subvention appears to be the *pièce de résistance* on the protectionist programme. It is invariably made to do service when all other arguments have failed. Chamberlain's last impudent outbreak has only strengthened the free trade party. Intelligent Englishmen cannot be bamboozled with childish nonsense of this kind. Premier Balfour did well in squelching Chamberlain. But he can do still better for himself and his party by throwing the Birmingham politicians overboard altogether.



The Manchurian Troubles

WHILE the Czar's government has solemnly promised to evacuate Manchuria, it is suspiciously slow in doing it. Late dispatches tend to indicate that Russia has decided to stay, in spite of all the protests filed at St. Petersburg by England and Japan. From a Japanese standpoint, Russia's behavior is most aggravating, because it endangers the fulfillment of the hopes of Tokio statesmanship. Japan is anxious to secure a permanent foothold on the Asiatic continent. Its population is increasing so fast that an outlet for the human surplus has become imperative. At the conclusion of Japan's war with China, some years ago, the Mikado's government thought it would be left in possession of a large strip of territory on the Gulf of Petchilil, but Russia, France and Germany intervened and so changed the provisions of the treaty of Shimonoseki that Japan was given nothing but a money indemnity and the Island of Formosa. Undoubtedly, Japan is being treated unjustly by the European powers. It has a real, standing grievance. It cannot be blamed for chafing under the restraints put upon it, and for talking of a resort to arms in order to vindicate its rights. While Russia is constantly adding to its immense

Asiatic dominions, Japan is compelled to stand by, impatient and sulking under the repressive iron hand of the European powers, and to forego all its hopes and ambitions. Eventually, of course, a clash is bound to come. Japan will not permit itself to be bulldozed and held off with vague promises indefinitely. Russia has been preparing for the inevitable conflict for some years. It is steadily adding to its naval and military strength near the prospective scene of hostilities. Whether Japan will succeed in permanently frustrating Muscovite designs in China is very doubtful. Russia is already much the stronger of the two, and will be even more so as the years pass by. It begins to look as if Japan would have to content itself with the insular territories now under its sway, and abandon all further hopes of territorial aggrandizement on the continent. Russia's apparently firm resolve to remain in Manchuria reminds one of the clever though not very elegant way in which a French cartoonist once sized up England's occupation of Egypt which never ends in spite of the promise made twenty years ago to evacuate at the earliest possible day. John Bull was represented sitting on the pointed top of a pyramid. From down below, somebody representing France stood urging him to come down. In response to the exhortation, John Bull exclaimed that he could not do it, "because *c'est entre*."



Misleading Trade Balances

ONE does not hear much these moist, autumnal days about our immense foreign trade balances. Why is this? Do Europeans owe us nothing any more? Have they altogether ceased buying from us, and determined to devote themselves to sales exclusively? It would seem so, judging by the prolonged silence kept by our former triumphantly polemic protectionists. What an ado they used to make about the imaginary splendid achievements of a protective tariff, resulting in the upbuilding and upkeep of a prosperous home market, and an enlargement of our exports to foreign countries! Every monthly statement issued by the statistical experts of the Treasury Department showing further substantial gains in favorable trade balances our protectionist friends were in the habit of "working" to the limit. Carefully, assiduously they went over the figures; they compared, calculated and then deduced additional arguments in favor of Dingleyism. Could there be more convincing proof of the superiority of protection to free trade? they invariably asked at the conclusion of their speciously logical disquisitions. There have been further and apparently prodigious gains in our foreign credit since that time. According to the Government statements of the last five years, we should have, at least, a second mortgage upon all the real estate of England and the nations of the Continent. Yet, strange to say, the once so raucous advocates of high tariffs have grown meek and mute. They seem to have lost much of their previous, worshipful enthusiasm for the sacrosanct Republican ark of the covenant. Once more we ask: Why is this? Is it because foreigners refuse to be alarmed over their supposititious, overwhelming indebtedness to the United States? This would appear to be the principal reason for the hush which has fallen upon the once so noisily demonstrative Republican camp. It at last begins to dawn upon the minds of even the unsophisticated, that these large international trade balances in our favor are something closely resembling a delusive myth. For, although the Government's figures would tend to prove that European countries are indebted to us to the tune of about eight billion dollars, our debtors are absolutely in no hurry

to send us any cash. We have repeatedly been trying to wheedle them into a more compliant disposition, but, so far, without success. They hang on to their gold desperately, almost fanatically. Whenever there is the least danger of a possible outward movement to America, they instantaneously advance their interest rates, so as to create the impression that money is urgently needed at home, and thereby rudely spoil our little financial game. What has become of all our favorable trade balances? Have they utterly vanished? It seems that heavy imports of merchandise, large loans contracted in England and Germany by New York financiers, interest and dividend remittances to foreign holders of American securities, the cost of ocean freight rates, tourist expenses, and some other more or less important items, have done away with most, if not all, of our credit abroad. Our immense exports simply paid off our debts abroad. Some financial observers even advance the theory that we have more than exhausted our credit in Europe, that we are actually and largely in debt. Recent sterling loans, says one, represent a deficit, and nothing else. He also asserts that the periodical monetary stringencies of the last few years were due, principally, to the diversion of our currency to the vaults of foreign banks in part settlement of this deficit. Whatever the true state of international finances may be at the present time, this much must be evident to all who are able to remember and reason: Favorable trade balances alone can never be regarded as a sure sign that a nation is really prosperous. If they could, why is it that Great Britain, which has for years been importing more than it exported, is constantly adding to its national wealth, and, in spite of a costly three years' war, enjoying a fair degree of prosperity?



Land Frauds

THE rapacious, dishonest cattlemen cannot be suppressed. This is proved by reports from South Dakota stating that widows of veterans of the Civil War are taking up large tracts of land, under the provisions of a Federal law conferring special privileges on them, and then transferring them to cattlemen. There are few formalities to be complied with. No actual residence or improvements on the property are required. This sort of legalized land-stealing should not be allowed to continue. The Government should bestir itself. What remains of the public domain should be held for and given to actual settlers. Some months ago, Col. Mosby endeavored to suppress these fraudulent practices, but political influence was soon brought to bear, and put obstacles in his way. The Interior Department is given a good chance in the Northwest to redeem itself.



The Good Side of Mormonism

MUCH as one may be disposed to criticize the Mormon hierarchy, it must yet be admitted that the Mormon community of the West is prosperous, contented and progressive. Co-operative irrigation has worked wonders in many sections of Utah. It has transformed arid, uninhabited tracts of land into an agricultural paradise. And, what is specially to be noted, most of the farmers own only twenty or twenty-five acres of land, and still contrive to make more than a competence thereon. The Mormon church lends financial help wherever it is needed. Its religious propaganda is, in fact, based on promises of cheap land and financial assistance. Co-operation has been tried on a large scale, and justified itself in every way. In the current number of that virile monthly, *Out West*, we read the following interesting views on

the advantageous results obtained in the Mormon co-operative communities: "There is scarcely an instance on record of failure to make a living and win a substantial competence on the part of men who owned both land and water, and thus became absolute masters of their destiny. They settled in some of the most forbidding places, but they prospered. Good business men would have told them that they could not hope to succeed without capital, markets, or transportation facilities. *But they did succeed.*" Mormonism has its undoubted evil side and evil consequences, yet it must be regarded as one of the most potent factors in the upbuilding of the Far West. It assures home and independence to thousands of its adherents. It gives men a chance to strike out for themselves, to show what is in them, what they can do. And for this it must be given due credit.



A Collapsing Boom

ACCORDING to private dispatches, the Beaumont oil fields are gradually giving out. In some of the properties salt water has been struck. This has engendered the somewhat far-fetched suspicion that the Standard Oil people were trying to ruin producing properties by pumping briny water to the fields. On others, previous hopes have completely failed of materialization. Smooth-tongued promoters are still endeavoring to attract gullible investors, but their days of prosperity are fast drawing to a close. The old boom has collapsed. The dupes have been duped. The sharpers have prospered. Most of the stock floated has become worthless. It is believed that thousands of people have lost their savings by speculating in oil shares. All over the country can be found the neatly engraved certificates of bogus concerns. There are, of course, some very valuable properties in the Beaumont region, but these are mostly owned by people who are on the spot and who invested only after a thorough personal and expert investigation. These oil booms, like all others of a similar kind, invariably end in a dismal, disastrous fizzle. They hurt a thousand of investors where they benefit one. It is dubious if the permanent economic interests of Texas have been furthered to any extent by the Beaumont oil craze. Speculative booms result in only temporary benefits. They are founded chiefly on absurd chimeras, on the extravagant misrepresentations of promoters. The person who risks his money in mining experiments of which he is egregiously ignorant, is acting with reckless, stupid foolishness. Investors should make it a point to employ their money in familiar channels, and not put it in properties of mythical value or located hundreds of miles from home.



Abdul and the Capitalist

THE European powers do not appear to be much excited over the Balkan situation. They are pursuing the even tenor of their diplomatic ways, notwithstanding all the perturbative news from Macedonia. It would seem that they have agreed among themselves to maintain the *status quo* in the absence of more menacing complications. At Sofia, strong disposition is shown to come to the assistance of the insurrectionists, but Prince Ferdinand's government is evidently being held in check by the St. Petersburg and Vienna authorities. Neither of the interested powers is anxious for a radical readjustment of conditions and boundaries. Each one is afraid to adopt a bold attitude. Yet it does not seem likely that the prevailing state of affairs can continue much longer. Some-

thing will have to be done to restore a semblance of order in the revolted province. The Sultan's bloody, blighting rule in Europe has become an anachronism, more so, in fact, than had that of the Granada kaliphas at the end of the fifteenth century. The Moslem will soon have to withdraw across the Bosphorus. He cannot be permitted to lord it over Christians much longer. The capitalistic influence is strongly against any audacious settlement of the solution of the Balkan problem. At Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna, millionaire holders of Ottoman, Bulgarian and Servian bonds do everything to discourage a resort to measures which would, in the end, sharply depress bourse quotations. The Ottoman debt is of immense proportions. In fact, shrewd Abdul Hamid has for years been acting on the ingenious idea that the larger his debts, the more assured and pleasant should be his stay in Europe. Vigorous, concerted action on the part of the Christian governments would precipitate a panic and a wholesale sacrifice of securities. The mere fact that there is, at present, some danger of a break-up in the Balkans has sufficed to send British consols down to the lowest point touched since the summer of 1870. The financier and capitalist are strongly represented nowadays in diplomatic negotiations. They are as much of a power as, if not more than, any of the great nations. At the present time, they are determined to have no armed conflict. In 1899, they were equally resolved to force England into a war with the Boers, because they were of the opinion, at that time, that a resort to arms would be less disastrous to their interests than a continuance of Boer control over the gold mines of the Transvaal. The European capitalist will not permit of any drastic interference by his government in Balkan affairs until he has been given assurance that his interests will be well taken care of in any readjustment that the nations might decide upon.

Education in Paris

THE news comes from Europe that the Princess Colonna, *née* Mackay, intends to purchase an elegant residence in the French capital in order to give her daughter's education a Parisian finish. Many other wealthy families have been doing this sort of thing to their sorrow. A Parisian finish is apt to prove most disappointing, even disastrous. Sometimes it is a "finish" indeed. There have been men and women who received a sort of "Parisian finish" which neither they nor their friends looked for.

Wagner's Parsifal

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER seems to have relented in her stubborn efforts to prevent the production of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The pretense on which she proceeded was slightly naively futuous. She asserted that the production of the opera in New York would be sacrilegious. Exactly what she meant by this, is not stated. If, however, she believes that there is anything sacred in the text of the music-drama, she must possess peculiar notions of what is and what is not sacred. For "Parsifal" is, in some of its features, nothing but a licentious version of the Arthurian legends. In the second act, as produced by Bayreuth, we behold the gardens of Klingsor's Arabian palace, and its rosy population of "ravishing young girls," whose charms and graces are displayed, in poses of tempting abandon, for his (Parsifal's) enchantment and ruin. This "warm" second act should send unwonted shivers of libidinous delight down the backs of New York's "Smart Set." It is just the thing they need and

ache for. That they, in beholding the scenes of this gorgeously sensuous act, will experience any uplifting sensations of religious ardor is hard to believe. In the text, we read such erotic passages as: "Take me upon thy breast," and "let me refresh thy forehead," and "let me kiss thy mouth," and "no, my perfume is the sweetest." - Where does sacredness come in in words like these? Herr Conreid made a sagacious business move when he decided to produce this "sacred" opera. Gotham's money-aristocracy will pack the house at every performance. There is enough ginger in "Parsifal" to warrant the hope that the coming season will prove the most profitable in the history of the Metropolitan. "Parsifal" is "hot stuff," and don't you forget it.

Hurtful Strikes

THE increasing labor troubles are expected to result in a perceptible curtailment of building operations next year. According to a Pittsburg authority, building plans that would have entailed expenditures aggregating almost two hundred million dollars have already been cancelled. The railroads have decided to restrict improvement and extension work. They believe, on good grounds, that there will soon be a decided lowering of cost of material and labor. Sixty million dollars' worth of new building in New York City is to be abandoned. Like reports come from Chicago and other large cities. Strikers are overdoing the thing. They are hurting themselves more than they imagine. Capital can easily be intimidated. It does not care to be at the mercy of labor agitators.

The Age Limit

THE Erie Railroad, it is announced, has issued an order calling for the resignations within thirty days of all members of the clerical staff of its various departments who have reached the age of thirty-five years, and been in the company's service since May 1st, 1901. This is additional evidence of the growing disposition among corporations to regard the unlucky man who has reached the forbidden age as so much superfluous, useless human material. He may be thoroughly equipped for the position to which he aspires, or which he holds; he may be, physically, mentally and morally, an excellent man in every respect, but, solely because of the arbitrarily fixed age limit, he is forced to give way to younger men. No matter whether he be single or the head of a family, he has to stay out or get out. In these restless times of billion dollar industries, a man is considered old at thirty-five. He is presumed to have given his best, to have exhausted his physical and intellectual forces. There is naught else he can do but apply for inferior, poorly-paid positions, or to commit suicide. Let's hope that the spread of labor unionism will force corporations to adopt a more reasonable and more humane attitude towards the man of thirty-five. But for organized labor, there would undoubtedly be a great deal more discrimination on account of age. Labor unions take care of their members, and will not permit them to be treated in a mode that can only be regarded as brutally unjust.

The Government's Budget

ADMIRAL DEWEY is said to be worrying because the American navy is not larger than it is. What would the old man have? A navy as big as that of England? Why should the United States invest hundreds of millions of dollars in ships that, a decade hence, would be utterly obsolete? For the present, we have all the

vessels we need for defensive purposes. That we should need any for offensive purposes is not very likely. After all the ships now under construction, and provided for, have been put in service, the American navy will be of very respectable size and strength. The construction of navies for any other than defensive purposes is, under prevailing and prospective conditions, an utter waste of money. Our naval expenditures have, for some years, been growing fast and faster. For the current fiscal year, they will equal about one hundred million dollars. Add to this sum the army and pension budget, and you have a total annual expenditure of about four hundred million dollars. Of course, the Government is in a "flush" condition. It can afford to be liberal in outlays. Yet this liberality must not be allowed to go too far. About two hundred millions invested in waterway improvements would, no doubt, prove of greater and more permanent benefit than thousands of millions expended on armies and navies. The Nation needs better transportation facilities, systematic irrigation and forestry on a scientific scale and a large increase in the number of homestead settlers more than anything else.

Withdrawing Circulation

IN the face of all this agitation for an enlarged and elastic currency, the National banknote circulation is contracting at an increasing rate. At the present time, there are applications at the Treasury Department for the retirement of almost four million dollars in these notes. The monthly limit is three million dollars. And this is going on at a time when the banking community is anxiously watching financial developments connected with crop-moving needs. If there were such an urgent need for more money, there would certainly be an increase and not a decrease in National bank circulation. There is no necessity for currency legislation such as is embodied in measures recently proposed. Outside of Wall street the country has all the currency it needs.

Newspaper Ethics

ACCORDING to a late cablegram, Miss Gladys Deacon, the noted, beautiful heroine of innumerable, more or less sensational "engagements," would, it is intimated, not scorn an "offer from the rich Duke of Norfolk, who has been attentive to her." At the same time we are informed that she has refused offers of marriage from Admiral Seymour and Prince Lichtenstein. What an exquisitely refined sense of social propriety is contained in this news! It would require the satirical gift of a Juvenal to do complete justice to it. Some of the writers for our saffron press know no more of the fundamentals of social ethics than does a breech-clout savage of Dahomey.

OLD GASCONADE

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE upper reaches of the Gasconade River always seem the best to me. It isn't because the fishing is better than in the lower eddies, nor because the scenery is more beautiful, although I will match the landscape, the glorious verdure and the beetling bluffs of that river above Arlington against the loveliest in the world. I think the upper river seems best because you can't ascend it. If you would navigate you must drift, and drifting, you know, is the most exquisite of aquatic joys.

Just above Arlington there is a sunken rapid (the

natives call the rapids "riffles") which a stout oarsman may navigate, but above that the waters' descent over the pebbly shallows is too swift and sheer for rowing. You must leap into the water and drag your light-draught vessel after you, and it needs strong arms and nimble legs to gain the upper eddy. But this is work, and work, except for camp-duty or the zest of fly or bait-casting, is disassociated from the loving angler's ideas of the sport.

Get old John Rodgers for your guide, and have him load your boat and tackle into his wagon at night. He will call you at five in the morning, and if you have a nip of "genuwine" ready for him so much the better for both of you, for the fog lies low upon the valley these autumn mornings, and there is a hint of frost drifting in at your open window. Then Rodgers is not a chatty companion, unless he knows you, and the morning stirrup-cup sets his backwoods eloquence at work, and as you are to eat, aye, and perhaps sleep, with him, it is well to start right.

You eat by lamplight in the basement dining room of the Gasconade Inn, and before you have finished the wholesome meal, the busy housewife has deposited by your chair a basket of lunch for you and Rodgers. As the gray dawn is reddening into day you two climb into the wagon behind a pair of sturdy gray mules, and go creaking and clattering down the hill into the Little Piney bottoms, down across the ford where the clear water clamors with a hundred tongues. Beyond the ford the trail lies through thickets of oak and walnut and maple. You ride through green, umbrous archways, and, where the roadway is soft, you hear above the creak of the wheels only the voices of the river fading into a murmur, and above you the chatter of the garrulous squirrels. In the ooze of a dried-up rivulet you will see great leatherbacks waiting motionless for the rising sun; and now, aloft through a rift in the trees, you see a towering wall of yellow rock crowned with plumes of waving green, its scarred face radiant in the sunlight and the wind-blown mist scattering from its shoulders like a veil.

There is something distinctly beautiful about the mountain clefts that wall the valley of the Gasconade. Some of them are brown, showing flecks as blue as indigo; some look like hand-piled battlements mounting towards the clouds and bearded with the green and yellow moss of centuries; some are layered with black and yellow, like layers of amber and slate, and some are furrowed and wrinkled as if the iron in them had softened beneath a rain of tears. But they are all crested with some gorgeous verdure, more gorgeous now, and during the Indian Summer, than at any time. The sumach flames in red, splashes upon their sides, and the far reaches, where the cold winds whip them, there are broad spangles of gold and ocre, and sad, soft tones of olive and mauve and gray.

Your ride across the rough hills has warmed and electrified you, and your boat is adrift at Wagon Ford by half past seven if you are lucky. You are in the Big Piney now, and John Rodgers knows "whar they is a few sizeable bass." But never mind; see how your boat swings out upon the racing water! You are coming to a riffle; hear its far-voice laughing up the valley, see its feather-foam dancing in the sunlight as you rush adown the current! And then, you are swept into the shallow rapid, the little waves break and boil across your bow, the bowlders grind and roll beneath your keel, and you feel the tender mirth of nature swelling at your heart.

A moment more and out your boat glides upon the unruffled bosom of a waveless lake; the riffle vanishes behind a bend in the cañon's walls; the laughter is stilled; silence falls like some voiceless spirit from the sun; your boat loses leeway and circles idly upon the

unruffled eddy. The fallen leaves seem to lie motionless upon the dark, green waters, a hungry bass leaps out of the depths a hundred yards away, and you start at the noise as he slaps back with his prey. The fish are not keeping you too busy to notice the poignant beauty of the spot.

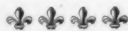
"Put out the fire!"

The voice seems but a rod away, but old John points downstream half a mile, where some campers are loading the commissary, breaking camp for the day and making ready to drift again. So tense the utter silence of this river, and of the Gasconade, which you are nearing, that the songs of the loggers a mile away come articulate and sweet, echoing then from bluff to bluff, to mingle at last in the derisive laughter of the rapids.

A half-hour's drifting sweeps you out upon the sand-girdled confluence of the Piney with the old Gasconade. Here there is a wide reach of shining bottom-lands and swiftly-rushing riffles that make you yearn again for the glorified peace of the rock-walled, tree-shadowed eddies. And as you float easily from one of these incomparable lagoons into another, you begin to wish that there were no more boisterous screaming, dazzling, laughing, jolting rapids!

It is in the shadows of the overhanging mountains that you find rest, and the joy of a voiceless but radiant world seems best for you. To see happiness is the best of all, and across the noiseless sweep of sombre river you can see the sunlight-smiles upon the shrubs and upland forests.

Here, without tears, you may think of the friend who is not with you, and wonder if Charon was less kind to him than old John Rodgers is to you. Now you may sit in the shadow of a great rock, and hope that he, too, is at peace in the kindly shadows, looking back with wordless joy upon a world where the sun smiles and love and loyalty are staunch and ever green as the pines above you; a world where mockery is silenced and labor at an end; where the spirit of God smiles without a sound.



OUR INDULGENT AGE

BY FREDERICK L. M'ARTHUR.

THE present age is excessively complaisant. It is morally flabby. It easily finds excuses for every sort of wrong-doing. What formerly used to be regarded as a grave offence, is nowadays indulgently referred to as an innocent peccadillo. Modern literature and the elastic theories advanced by certain cranky scientists have certainly been partly responsible for this weakening of the moral fiber.

In more than one sense, this is the age of excuses. As the London *Spectator* declares, the words "good" and "bad," in relation to character, are losing their significance. The villains and heroes of the drama of life are drawing dangerously near together. The spirit of the present has thrown its mantle over the past. There is hardly anybody left whom one can execrate without fear of contradiction, unless it is some one who pretended to be good. Such a holy horror of hypocrisy has risen among us, and such a fear of Pharisaism, that young people in certain circles blush if they stumble upon a moral remark, and would far rather be thought worse than better than they are. It is fashionable to be a trifle perverse, morally, to have a "past." Principles can only be mentioned under the guise of opinions, and duty must take decent shelter under the shadow of taste.

The reason of this queer moral phenomenon is, unquestionably, a new manifestation of sentimentality, that fungus-growth which appears from time to time

on the great virtue of sympathy. Every man in the present day who makes a conscious moral effort strives to cultivate his moral imagination—that is, he tries to put himself in his neighbor's place, and to find out the causes of which his neighbor's character is in part the outcome. He keeps before his mind the probability that in different circumstances he himself might have been a different man, and possibly a worse one. He sees that life is a handicap race, and so he makes allowances. To judge righteous judgment is always difficult, and it can only be done by the sympathetic. Many men, however, will not or cannot put themselves in any one else's place. Instead, they put a convenient dummy there whom they keep for the purpose, and whose antics they excuse on the ground that he is clearly a creature of circumstance. A few glib, cant phrases account for all his wrong-doings. The force of heredity, atavism, the influence of environment, lift from his shoulders all responsibility. The word "heredity" covers a wide field, and many far-fetched explanations. Excellent parents and grandparents exempt no man from its excuse. Bad blood may come from a long distance, and, apparently, it may be traced through side-streams.

Inherited helplessness has taken the place of original sin. "Environment," again, is made to justify many a man who, so far as the world can tell, has been well brought up. His suave apologists use any argument which comes to hand, and can be fitted under that heading. He was too strictly managed as a boy, or too much neglected, they say. He had too much money, or he was kept too short. The case of Charles M. Schwab, until recently president of the United States Steel Corporation, furnishes a striking instance of this all-pervading disposition to excuse moral shortcomings and offences. When he enacted the rôle of a swashbuckling, absolutely reckless gambler at Monte Carlo, people only smiled complacently, and excused him on the ground that he had too big a salary and could, therefore, not escape the temptation to gamble with the roof for a limit.

"A mental twist" is another favorite excuse. It is considered to account for anything, from a violent temper, incurable laziness, or the chronic habit of lying, to a mere disregard of ordinary politeness; and a grandfather, uncle or distant cousin of bizarre habits or preposterous idiocrasies is made to furnish an absolving reason for the "twist." If no such relation is to be found, it is concluded that he would surely turn up if any one had time earnestly to seek for him; and the modern world decides that, knowing nothing, it is best to pardon all.

This evil of foolishly sentimental excuses produces another one,—that of foolishly sentimental admiration. No one, it must be presumed, is genuinely admired by any large number of persons, except for a gift or a virtue, real or imagined. If it were not so, the world would be in a very bad way. But we seem to be losing our sense of moral symmetry. We do not ask any longer that our heroes should possess a good moral character. The tendency of the times is to specialize, to specialize even in virtue. The same tendency has shown itself in past ages, and is partly, perhaps, the result of reaction. In the Middle Ages men specialized in abstinence, to such an extravagantly absurd degree that good men practised, and ordinary men came to venerate, not self-control, but self-torture, not a noble, independence of the world and its luxuries, but voluntary imprisonment, starvation and filth. A hair shirt was thought more of than a kind heart.

In these piping times of industrial wealth and ambitious, adventurous science, the favorite moral qualities are energy, industry, grit and determination, and when we find them, we are dazzled and refuse to see

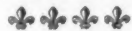
The Mirror

anything else. Just think of the splendorous glory with which the "self-made man" of millions is invested in the popular eye! To be a "strong" or "strenuous" man is to be a great man, and, in the world of to-day, a good man. Not that the word "good" is much used in its old sense. Nothing shows so clearly the growth of what we have called specialization in virtue as the new shade of meaning which the word "good" has taken on. The question, "Is he a good man?" can usually not be understood without its context, or, at any rate, without the knowledge possessed by the speakers. It means, as a rule: Is he a clever doctor, a subtle lawyer, a strong politician, an accomplished writer, or a smart officer? In fact, it simply and briefly means: Is he able and energetic? Often it has even less moral significance, and means, only, Is he successful? The man who points out that Mr. So-and-So, though strong and successful, though hard-working and courageous, is unscrupulous, is apt to be looked on as either small-minded or jealous. He is almost always corrected by his listeners with some unctuousness. The man in question, he is given to understand, is above the petty thought of details, moral or otherwise. He has too capacious a mind to entertain such trifling things as scruples. In fact, the delicate sense of honor which forbids the taking of an advantage, the spirit which makes cruelty an absolute bar to any action which may involve it, which sticks to abstract, honorable principles, such as the liberty of the subject,—such a spirit as this may adorn a weak, timid man, but the strong may be worshiped without it. So mawkish in sentiment have we become, indeed, in our cult of power, that we even drag religion into our service, and almost canonize men for whom the Sermon on the Mount might just as well be written backwards. Yet the very men—nay, the very women—who fervently declare their adherence to a totally opposite ideal, who heartily agree that a man acts to his own hurt who gains the world and loses his soul, will smile indulgently and contemptuously on whoever suggests that their strong heroes represent a pagan ideal, and inwardly decide that the speaker is a Dryasdust, without the saving quality of imagination and appreciation of genius. He cannot, they think, visualize the golden goal which drew their heroic giant and led him on to fortune and honor and fame, and they severely berate the critic for calling up the dirt, perhaps even the blood, which fouls the track of him whom they worship and adulate.

This sort of cult is more harmlessly reflected in the deterioration of respectability in fiction, which is giving place to the epic of the bad. Good characters can hardly take prominent parts unless adorned by some terrible defect or set against the black, repulsive background of a guilty past. The character must be such as to give new shudders, he must tickle *l'appétit du mal* which is ever present in human nature. A hairbreadth escape from some puissant temptation does sometimes serve this purpose even better than an actual moral catastrophe, but it must be a "near thing" to please the publisher, and to attract the perverted mind of the public. Novels, of course, are not invariably accurate in their pictures of life; neither do they have any very direct effect upon morals. Nevertheless, they have some influence on conversation, and thus on the atmosphere of society, and at present their effect is distinctly miasmatic.

That this unfortunate fashion will have any permanently nefarious effect upon morals, is hard to believe. As to foolish excuses, they have their wise side. There is, no doubt, some good, at least, in most people. No man is utterly, hopelessly bad. To condemn anybody for a preponderance of bad qualities is to cast aside good material which the world can ill af-

ford to lose. The bad characters in fiction will not enjoy a long life. They have almost exhausted their repertoire of ingenious moral bizarrerie and brilliant artistry in decadent wrong-doing. They will soon become unmitigated, unbearable bores.



FROM THE ARABIC

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

I.

O TOMB! within thy shadows can it be
My dear beloved hides away from me?

O tomb! by Allah, tell me, lest I die,
Is all her beauty vanished utterly?

Have her vast charms been blotted out? her white
And pallid brow been lost in thy deep night?

Surely, O tomb! no bit of heaven is thine,
Who foldest close that wondrous love of mine.

Yet in thy depths, thy darkened depths, O tomb,
I see the stars shine and white lilies bloom!

II.

One saith that love is filled with sweetness. . . . Nay,
I who am wise have never found it so!
Love is to suffer, day on endless day,
And see fresh blood from new wounds gush and flow.

If this great martyrdom that hangs o'er me
Is sweet, although I bear it all for her,
I wonder this and dream it:—What must be,
O weary heart, the bitterness of myrrh?

Reader.



TOM L. JOHNSON

BY S. CLARK DOLLINGER.

THIS year's political contest in Ohio is of unusual interest. If Tom. L. Johnson, the redoubtable, radical Mayor of Cleveland, should defeat Myron T. Herrick, the Republican nominee for Governor, he would at once become first-class Presidential timber. His chances of victory are considered slim, but not hopeless. Ohio has, at times, a peculiar way of disappointing the Republicans. Tom L. Johnson is a determined, stubborn fighter; he is adroit and resourceful, and, what is of still more importance, he is a millionaire with a "barrel" that he is not afraid to tap liberally at the proper time for political purposes.

The Cleveland Mayor is of an agglomerate, puzzling character. A writer in the New York *Sun* sarcastically remarks, that if he knows himself, he has met a different individual in his own clothes every day of his life, and has rapidly made acquaintance with each one of them. He is like a rolling country, where you never know whether there is to be a decline when the ascent has been made, or whether it is to be a dead level for a while.

Tom L. Johnson is an actor to his heart's core, and his acting is fascinatingly melodramatic. He is a short, heavy-set man, with a round, laughing face. He is magnetic in some respects. It takes a sober, level-headed, cool sort of a man to listen to Johnson without an almost over-powering desire to shout for him. Last year he bought a big, red automobile and toured the State with it from one end to the other. His man was defeated, but Johnson, with his snorting devil's wagon and his circus tent, won thousands of friends and admirers for himself.

Singularly successful has been Tom's career. He

was born of poor parents in a little town in Kentucky. When still a small boy, he moved to Indiana, and there he went to school. At the age of fifteen he went back to Louisville and began work as clerk in a street railway office. He saved and prospered. He worked hard, ever keeping his nose to the grindstone until he had accumulated enough to enable him to buy a little street car line in Indianapolis. There he developed into a successful financier. His street railway investment proved most advantageous from a pecuniary standpoint.

Some years later, we find him connected with the Johnstown Steel Company, in which he enjoyed, for a number of years, a practical monopoly of the manufacture of strap rails for street car companies. He brought into existence one of the peculiar forms of heavy steel rails used by street railway lines, and by virtue of his patents had control of that industry. Meanwhile the street railway business of the country was steadily progressing, and the use of the heavier rails was becoming more general. Those were fat years for Johnson.

When he no longer had a monopoly of the manufacture of that particular brand of steel rails, the other big mills having invaded his territory, Johnson was shrewd enough to see that he was outclassed, and he jumped. He became a promoter of street car companies, in which he proved a conspicuous success. Meanwhile, he had builded up the Johnson mills at Lorain, which, subsequently, became known as the Lorain Steel Company, under another management, and were finally absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation.

Johnson obtained valuable street car lines in Brooklyn, Cleveland and Detroit. His Detroit career is by far the most conspicuous. He started an opposition line, and promoted it with the assistance of the city, whose credit he used to forward his scheme. He introduced a system of fares on a sliding scale. Mornings and nights there was the workingmen's rate of three cents. After a while, the opposing lines were consolidated, and the present Detroit United Railway was formed. Johnson disposed of his holdings at a large profit, leaving a very bad taste in the mouths of Detroit people for low fare railroads aided by the municipality. Pingree, who was then Mayor of Detroit, lent him substantial assistance in his street railway scheme.

About that time, Johnson was one of the biggest owners of a street railroad in Cleveland. He owned the Brooklyn, Ohio, line, which ran from South Brooklyn to the Public Square in the heart of the city. This he afterward consolidated, with some of the other railroads of Cleveland, under the name of the Big Consolidated Street Railway. Henry Everett, afterward the head of the Everett-Moore syndicate of somewhat blemished fame, was made president of the consolidated companies. He gave six tickets for a quarter.

Johnson, in direct opposition to the policy he had proposed in Detroit, antagonized the low fare proposition, and, together with a number of the disgruntled shareholders of the company, brought about a reorganization, electing Horace Andrews to the presidency of the company, and ousting Everett. Subsequently, Johnson disposed of his street railroad holdings and bought a Brooklyn railroad. He also formed a company with his brother, Albert, and built electric lines between New York and Philadelphia.

It was in 1891 that Johnson's political career began. He developed an aptitude for public speaking, and soon was elected a member to Congress. His opponent was Theodore Burton, who is now a member of Congress from the Twenty-first Ohio district,

and Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. Mr. Burton is a deliberate, sedate, scholarly man, who orates like a solemn-faced college professor, with great logic and force—if the assemblage be of as academic a turn of mind as he is. Johnson, knowing his potent influence on an audience, challenged Burton to a debate. The latter accepted. Johnson had the hall filled with his admirers long before the Burton people thought of arriving. When it came their time, there was little room left, and Burton was at the mercy of a crowd of Johnson men, with just a sprinkling of his own followers. The terms of the debate were that each should speak for forty-five minutes, and then each have fifteen minutes for reply. Mr. Burton began with a long, dry, scholarly address, logical, correct, filled with facts and pressed home in the most masterful manner. Johnson ascended the platform, looked placidly over his audience, put his hands in his pockets, smiled cheerfully and winked at the gallery. There was something excruciatingly funny in the way he did it. Before he said a word the house was in a roar. The people's minds were relieved after the long strain to which Burton had submitted them.

Then Johnson began one of his snow-storm addresses—one of those wind-driven, gusty speeches—no drift, no logic, no substance, just talk. It was filled with vaporings, all pleasing, all witty and entertaining, and it caught the crowd. He talked straight from the shoulder, when he chose to be forceful, and put his sentences home in a mode that electrified his hearers. That one debate cost Burton the election.

When Johnson was in Congress and in New York, he became the intimate, devoted friend of Henry George, and was converted to the single tax theory, which he still continues to expound with unctuous zeal.

As Mayor of Cleveland, Johnson insists upon public-service corporations paying their just share of taxation. Some time ago, he appointed a tax inquisitor, and put into office a Socialist, named Peter Witt, one of the prime movers among the union labor element in Cleveland. Afterward, he proposed to put the city's money into a municipal street railway line that would operate under a three-cent-fare franchise in opposition to other lines controlled by Senator Mark A. Hanna. The latter, scenting danger for what he generally refers to as his "savings bank," promptly set the Republican political machinery a-working, and succeeded in having Johnson's scheme knocked out by the courts, and a new State constitution framed along lines which, he thought, would make it more difficult for his pugnacious opponent to carry out his plans of attack on vested properties.

In the present Gubernatorial campaign, Johnson himself, it is intimated, does not expect to be elected, but hopes to win the Legislature, and thus overthrow Hanna, who is anxious for another term in the United States Senate.

In his public speeches, Johnson makes rather scant use of anecdotes. But he has one in his repertoire with which he never fails to amuse his audiences. He sets out to talk about county auditors, and their annual railroad passes, and then says that reminds him of his friend who wanted to buy a ticket to California, and found it cost him seventy-five dollars. Another friend, a minister, wanted to go, and secured a half rate. Another wanted to ship a hog to California, and found it would cost him five dollars. But the auditor beat he hog, for he rode on a pass.

Johnson has many bitter political enemies. This would indicate that he is a man of decidedly more than ordinary mental and moral caliber. That he is

sincere in his advocacy of radical political reform and taxation methods is doubted by many who come in close contact with him. Yet his remarkably strong hold upon the loyalty of his admirers would seem to indicate that he enjoys their cordial respect and absolute confidence.



SCRAMBLING FOR GOLD

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

A FEELING akin to anxiety has been created by the sudden advance in the Bank of England's official rate of discount to four per cent, which is taken to presage continued flurries in international money markets, and a renewal of efforts to strengthen gold reserves. The immediate reason for the precipitate action of the London institution's directors was that Germany had, as Lord Rothschild breezily expressed it the other day, determined to "play ducks and drakes with London's gold supply." In the last few months, Berlin banks have been drawing millions of dollars of gold from England, and even tried to intercept shipments of the metal from the South African mining fields. At the same time, the Bank of France was vigilantly pursuing a protective policy of its own. While it has an immense amount in its vaults at the present time, it does not consider itself warranted in throwing down the barriers and generously inviting foreign bankers to help themselves to large amounts of its stock of yellow metal. The financial position in France appears strong on the surface only. The Paris investment market is decidedly weak, and has been so for some time. Rentes are still declining. It is prophesied by some astute financial critics that these securities will eventually drop to 90. Political agitation and heavy losses sustained by French investors in South African, Russian, German, Servian, Ottoman, and various industrial issues, have materially curtailed investment demand, and induced a vague impression that the time to buy has not as yet arrived.

The lately published weekly statement of the Bank of England presents some interesting, even puzzling features. The most conspicuously ominous is the smallness of the notes and coin reserve. This is now far below the level reported at this date in any year since 1893. This discouraging feature cannot be regarded as offset by the fact that the bank's loans on the London open market are the smallest, for this date, in any year since 1894. The ratio of its reserve to liability, which now stands at 51, is not considered a very safe one, since crop requirements are still to be met, just as they are on this side of the Atlantic.

For some time there has been confident talk in Wall street that we could withdraw large amounts of gold this autumn from the Bank of England. But for the unexpected rise in the discount rate, this expectation would undoubtedly have materialized. As matters now stand, however, the Bank of England has effectually checked the threatened outflow. If Americans are still intent upon importing gold from Europe, they will have to go elsewhere. Perhaps Paris might be induced to let go a few millions, in case London financiers should succeed in coaxing their French colleagues into the adoption of a more accommodating attitude towards New York. So far as Berlin is concerned, shipments of gold from there to the United States are utterly out of the question. German bankers need all they have. The Imperial government contemplates another large loan, and there are various kingdoms and municipalities who also pretend to "need the money."

Thus it would seem that we will have to do our

own financing this fall. The few millions of gold that we could possibly squeeze out of European banks would not go very far. Fortunately, our financial position is fairly encouraging, taken as a whole, owing, chiefly, to the protracted, heavy liquidation in securities ever since the latter part of 1902. The New York Associated Banks can now boast of more than \$15,000,000 surplus reserves, as against only a few millions at this time last year. The banks in the interior are believed to be well fortified to cope with crop-moving requirements. Yet, as these requirements are still a comparatively unknown quantity, it will hardly do to be over-sanguine regarding the ultimate outcome.

A factor of considerable importance, and one that should, before long, cause a tendency towards relaxation in money markets, is the increasing output of the Transvaal gold mines. For the month of August the total production amounted to 272,000 ounces, or, approximately, \$5,440,000. In August, 1899, shortly before the outbreak of the Boer war, the total output of gold was \$9,190,000. Since it has been practically decided to relieve the scarcity of labor in the South African mines by the importation of Asiatics under contract, the hope is justified that the gold yield of ante-bellum days may again be reached within eight or ten months.



"EL BOTÓN"

BY CAMILLA LIES KENYON

OLD Antonio was dying. Father Valdez, hastening at sundown to the old man's cabin, found death staring from the dusky, withered face, and blessed the saints that he had come in time.

The air was golden with the soft Santa Barbara sunshine, but in the dim hut the dying man lay shivering beneath his ragged blanket. Around his chest and shoulders was drawn a heavy coat, a world too large, in which still lingered a faint and faded trace of army blue.

The restless, clutching fingers, ever striving to draw the coat close, hinted to the priest of nothing more than approaching death, and set him in all haste about his holy office. Anxious and heedful, Antonio followed the last rites of Mother Church, his sunken eyes staring wistfully and beseeching from his impassive face. No need to threaten or exhort this humble soul, or picture a crueller world to one who had fared so meagerly in this. Fain would the priest pardon and console; yet Antonio eyed him sadly. All but one little corner of his soul was cleansed, but on that—how dark the blemish!

Even while he listened to the holy words, there—in his bosom—his hand closed upon his treasure; the room grew dark with the shadow of the Angel, yet scarcely could confession escape his lips.

It was the secret of a lifetime—the one boon that had kept him at peace with fortune through all these ragged, hungry years. How often had its vainglorious splendors obtruded on his prayers, how often allured him from righteous toil to seasons of blissful, guilty contemplation! It was the one blot unrevealed to his ghostly counselor. For how could he have endured the inevitable mandate, "Destroy the glittering device of Satan!" Now, in this final hour, he weighed it against salvation—and the tempter lost.

"Alas, Padre!" cried out the old man, "I am a great sinner. I have not yet told you all."

"What is it, then, Antonio?" said the priest, gently.

"Madre de Dios!" moaned the unhappy penitent, "It is a great sin—the sin of pride!"

The Father stared in amazement. Far back as his memory led him, Antonio, in his crumbling hut, had been poorest of the poor. Of all the scattered Mission Indians none had dragged out an existence more forlorn. The priest's eye roved through the miserable hut in pitying wonder, as he asked, "My son, what has tempted you to pride?"

With feeble grasp the old man drew aside the folds of faded blue. To the breast of his old army coat there clung a single shining button.

"Ah, Padre," sighed Antonio, "*el botón!*"

For a silent moment the glittering fetich swam before the priest's wet eyes. He cleared his throat, but the healing words fell upon deaf ears. The dead hand stiffened on the button.

Out West.

WOMEN AS SWINDLERS

SOME HISTORIC PARALLELS.

EVER since the Humbert case first came before the public, general and great surprise has been expressed on all hands that anyone could for so long a time impose on people of the highest intelligence with such amazing assurance and success. Criminologists, however, have long recognized and studied the ingenuity of women in carrying out gigantic frauds.

A French expert in criminology recently said that if in any criminal scheme the most minute points were taken into consideration and never lost sight of, it would be found that the conception and perpetration of the crime were mainly if not entirely the work of a woman.

What is the reason that women excel men in this respect? It is probably to be found in the fact that in all ages and all civilizations women have always been in an inferior position to men, and consequently have had to exercise, in their own defense, their power of observation and insight into human nature as much as possible. Hence they are more quick-witted, more intuitive than men, and are able to lie, to scheme and to cheat more successfully.

The Humbert case has added little or nothing to the knowledge of the criminal psychology of women, for there is practically nothing in the case which does not find its parallel in some previous case on record.

Take, for instance, the case of Fräulein Adele Spitzeder, who, under the name of the "Dachauer Bank," as far back as 1871, opened a big banking establishment in Munich. By means of great professions of religious fervor, extravagant generosity, a plausible tongue, and a magnetic personality, she so impressed all classes of the community that everybody was eager to trust her with his or her cash, on which she offered interest of a considerable amount.

People withdrew their money from banks and saving banks, mortgaged their property, and, indeed, raised as much cash as they could and paid it into her bank. In a short time she had 30,000 depositors, who had intrusted with her nearly one million sterling.

The result was that government and banking securities were affected, and, the luxurious manner in which Fräulein Spitzeder, a former actress of no particular ability, lived and the money she squandered arousing suspicion, inquiries were instituted, and the Fräulein's "bank" was found to be a fraud, and its guiding spirit was sent to prison for three years.

An even more remarkable case of female skill in fraud, and one which criminologists give as a good instance of a woman's methods, is that of Miss Eugenie Schach, a young lady of about 25 years of age,

who imposed upon the head of the government of Croatia, the Banus.

She began by calling on the Banus and representing herself to be the daughter of a Croatian official who had died shortly before. She asked for pecuniary assistance, which was refused. A little while afterwards she appeared again, this time, with a visiting card of the emperor of Brazil and a precious stone which she said the emperor had sent to Count Khven Hedervary, the Banus, as a present.

On the following day she received back the card and the stone, the Banus' secretary writing to say that the count feared she had been the victim of some fraudulent action. Nevertheless, she did not desist from her purpose.

Shortly before Christmas she sent the count a beautiful hand-made lamp mat, together with a letter containing the season's good wishes expressed in fulsome and sentimental terms. This also she received back, but the Banus, in returning it, wrote on the back of his visiting card a few words to the effect that in returning her present he had no desire to hurt her feelings.

The Banus' handwriting was just what she had been trying to obtain from the first, and she at once set about learning to imitate it, with so much success that before long it was impossible to differentiate between the genuine and the forged.

Then she went privately to the cashier of one of the largest banking establishments at Buccari with a forged check for a sum amounting to four thousand dollars and a letter written by the Banus. The inference to be drawn from the contents of the letter was that some intimacy existed between the Banus and the young lady, and the cashier, suspecting nothing, very obligingly gave the young lady the amount required.

Encouraged by the first success, the young lady became bolder and had no difficulty in cashing at the same bank forged checks for seven thousand dollars and fifteen thousand dollars respectively, the cashier, a sharp business man of long experience, being easily gulled.

But this was not all. She went to other banks at Buccari, where her fraud was quite successful, and in the course of two or three years not only got possession of a very large sum of money, but was clever enough not to arouse the least suspicion, incredible as this may seem.

Having become rich in this way, she turned her thoughts to marriage, and fell in love with a young professor of languages who was the son of a director of a college of repute at Agram. To gain this young man for her husband as quickly as possible, she wrote a letter in the hand-writing which she had become mistress of, and took it, sealed, and in all secrecy to the father. In it the father read that it was the wish of the Banus that the young lady who was the bearer of the letter should be quietly married to the recipient's son, and as father and son were not only willing, but anxious to comply with his highness' request, the wedding shortly afterwards took place.

The young couple departed for Italy to spend their honeymoon, but the bride's career of fraud was nearing its end. One of the bank cashiers died, the forgeries were discovered, and the adventuress was brought back from Italy and sent to prison for seven years. All things considered, these frauds are among the cleverest in the history of crime.

Paris has known many remarkable adventuresses, and among them must be numbered the one-time poor peasant girl and afterwards governess who, having commenced a career of intrigue and fraud at the age of 15, eventually assumed the name of Countess Tha-

leon, and by trickery and effrontery succeeded in becoming a *persona grata* in the social circles of the French capital.

Many millions of francs, fraudulently obtained from the wealthy people whose acquaintance she made, passed through her hands, and among others whom she ruined was Colonel Thaleon, who was supposed to be her husband. When, in 1879, the whole story of her career came to light, and she was prosecuted for her manifold swindles, Colonel Thaleon went into the witness box, and gave his opinion of her character in the following words: "She is the most accomplished and cunning 'actress' living. She cannot open her mouth without lying."

That the features of the "Humbert case" are by no means unprecedented, is shown by the details of the life of the so-called "Princess" Henriette Latour d'Auvergne.

This woman, a nun who spent the greater part of her life in a cloister from which she escaped in 1879, went to Paris quite unknown and in great poverty, yet, though her education was but small and her manners were by no means polished, she made people believe that she was a "Princess," and the possessor of great wealth. She entertained all that was most brilliant in social Paris, she promoted charitable bazaars, she lived in splendid style, she arranged wealthy marriages, and she gathered round her a number of notable ecclesiastics.

Yet she was nothing else than a clever swindler, as was conclusively shown after a fraud concerning an arranged marriage had been brought to light.

TWO PHILANDERERS

My dear Mr. Go-the-Pace.

I WONDER if I shall ever see you again? If you are short-sighted, probably not. Was it you that rang up yesterday when I was out? My maid said "the gentleman would not leave any name, but he had a mighty nice voice." Have you "a mighty nice voice?" I confess I can't remember its dulcet tones very well, for we didn't talk much—after the first ten minutes. There seemed to be no time. I did not believe it could be you, because you said you were leaving for San Francisco on the early train. A week is a long time. I'm sorry you'll be away that long—for I have a wretched memory for faces. I remember episodes; sometimes when they are especially pleasant, but identities are apt to get mixed. I am striving to fix your face in my memory, so I won't forget. What a pity it would be if I shouldn't remember you next time we meet. That would be a death-blow to sentiment, wouldn't it? Try and avoid the contingency by coming back to the Glen. Sincerely, *Mary.*

My dear Mary,

(I can't call you Miss Space, you know.) I regret exceedingly that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from joining you in your retirement from the gay festivities of this wicked city. Poverty is tapping at my door. If you could see my purse which I clutch in the morning with a lonely nickel sliding from end to end, and note the grasp of my fingers, you would not suggest my taking even a trip to the park. I wish to confess that I might pawn my watch and come—only that is already in repose. You know, dear Mary, that man cannot live on love alone, nor woman either when she has the cocktail habit. Write to me every day. All that about forgetting makes me long for you the more. But when, my dear, are you going to tell me the great secret about yourself? You said, I remember, "I am afraid you won't love me any more when you



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know." Know what? Are you married, Mary? Do you belong to another? Your expectant

Go-the-Pace.

Dearest,

No, I am not married, but I feel sure you are. I know fate intended love's path for me to be covered with rocks—not the right kind of rocks, either. I am a fatalist. If—and if—and if—if I had not been on the boat at that precise moment, and if I had not dropped my purse, and if you had not picked it up! It was love at first sight, wasn't it, darling? I never in my life spoke to a strange man before—unless the butcher or baker or candlestick maker. But you did not seem like a stranger. I feel sure you are married, though—all the nice men, I have found, are. Is your wife *en rapport*? It must be positively painful for a man of intellect to have to look on and see his wife make a fool of herself. I suppose it is the penalty they pay for marrying them. Getting used to people is a pretty euphemism for forgetting them. You know Matthew Arnold's saying, "We forget because we must, and not because we will." I won't swear it is Arnold, for my memory is so poor. And that brings me to the old wail—I long for you passionately now, but if you don't hurry I'm afraid I won't know you when we meet. Have you a short memory for faces? Mine is wretched. A man once said to me that if I married I'd have a fine excuse for my indiscretions, for I could tell my husband I forgot how he looked and mistook the other fellow for him. Your devoted

Mary.

Sweet Mary,

I cannot come to you, but I love you just the same. I plead guilty to a few outings, but I always chose a ruddy-haired *vis-à-vis*, because of your dear Titian locks. A man can do that, you know, be true in heart though he has somebody else before his face. It's a delicate flattery, I think, to the object of his love. She is always in his mind when he's talking to the other woman. I suppose if I had married—I am *not* married, Maybell—propinquity would have kept my heart at home. It counts with all of us, but one can cultivate inconstancy. I think a good many men do the perfunctory love-making because

they think women expect it. Though the "good fellow girl" may be an unusual rôle women must be glad to play in it occasionally at least. It saves life from monotony and breaks no fences. I am glad, sweetheart, that no one ever kissed you but me. I like to think you are mine, all mine. Though sometimes I have a weak misgiving that you have deceived me, that you are married. By the way, dear, don't ask me if your letters bore me. I can read the national events in the newspapers, but no one but you can tell me of yourself. When are you going to reveal that dreadful secret?

Go-the-Pace.

Darling,

If either of us ever cares to marry, we can marry each other. Arms and the man—arms and the woman; it's a try-out, isn't it? Pastors are nothing (to women of short memories); presents fill the bill; the future is only a guess. 'Tis a good thing to know there's always someone one can count upon to wed at a moment's notice. Saves the man the trouble—and expense—of extended wooing, and the woman the nervous strain of unnecessary wiles. But you and I, love, must never marry. It would be the end of romance, and I am absurdly romantic. I feed on sentiment—except occasional heavier food. You are the same. You can't love one woman; the universe isn't sufficiently peopled with feminines to satisfy your mormon taste. By the way, you *must* tell me your secret. "You tell yours and I'll tell mine," as the children say. Let's both agree to write at the same time. That will be best.

Mary S.

P. S.—By the way, two lovely new men came to the Glen yesterday. One reminds me of you. I thought at first it *was* you—my memory for faces gets worse and worse.

P. S. No. 2.—Be sure and wear the same clothes, when you come up, that you wore last, so I can be sure of not mistaking some one else for you. It was a light check suit, and a Panama hat, wasn't it?

M.

Dear Mary,

Business is so pressing I've not been able to write before. However, I love you just the same. Give my regards to the "lovely man" who looks like me. I wish him luck in the chase. Will write what you

want next Tuesday, by first mail, and shall expect you to reciprocate. Y'r's,

G. t. P.

My dear Mr. Go-the-Pace,

I told you you wouldn't love me any more when I tell you my Awful Secret. No, I'm not married; I'm not a divorcée; I'm not a widow. I am simply an Old Maid! Face creams, peroxide and all the aids to beauty transformed me into a sweet young thing, and I thought you lots of fun—*pour passer le temps*. You don't mind, do you? I am wedded to my career and not looking for a change yet awhile. But how disgusting in you to deceive *me*—your letter is just at hand. A bachelor—a married man—all sentiment is woven about such. But a widower, twice over, with grown children! And one of your sons the "lovely man!" I really *can't* forgive you.

Cordially yours,

Mary Space.

San Francisco Town Talk.

◆◆◆◆◆

THE BALLET GIRL

WITH complexion like the rose
'Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To the beaux.

When the cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her bows,
She in garrets sits and sews
Furbelows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose;
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

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NEW BOOKS

A well-conceived love-tale is "The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy. A strong strain of pretty poetic fancy runs through its pages. The author's style bears indubitable traces of artistic distinction. But for the fact that he is inclined, occasionally, to become seriously didactic, one would find very little reason to pick any flaw in his narrative, which, in its course, introduces us to some most likable personages. It is a long time since we have made the acquaintance of so lovable a youthful heroine as is his *Iris*. The volume is of elegant appearance in binding and typography. Published by Edward J. Clode, 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

"The Red Keggers," by Eugene Thwing, is a vividly written story dealing with life and love in the rural and lumbering communities of 1868-71. Some of the scenes are, perhaps, a trifle too melodramatic, and the author's style is not always in accord with literary canons, yet, take as a whole, the story is decidedly readable throughout. It appeals to that class of fiction readers which is fond of action and excitement. The volume is handsomely gotten up, and published by the Book-Lover Press New York.

Another novel by Nathaniel Stephenson, the author of "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," has lately made its appearance. It is entitled "Eleanor Dayton." It is good fiction, with excellent character delineation, a charmingly developed love theme, some fine, though artistically subdued, climactic situations, and written in a style possessing masculine lucidity and vigor. The scenes are laid in France and the United States. In the first chapter we are introduced to Emperor Louis Napoleon, and many aristocratic and diplomatic notabilities of France of the Second Empire in the Luxembourg Palace. The times of our own Civil War are recalled in the subsequent chapters. John Lane, New York, is the publisher.

During his recent tour through California, President Roosevelt delivered addresses at numerous places in that beautiful, progressive State. These addresses, which well reflect the President's vigor and clearness of thought, his sturdy, optimistic patriotism, have been published in book form by the California Promotion Committee, San Francisco. The volume contains many appropriate illustrations, is neatly bound and clearly printed.

In the current number of "Impressions Quarterly," (No. 3, Vol. 4), we note *inter alia* a review of "Education and the Larger Life," by Ernest Carroll Moore; the third installment of "A Little Trip to Utopia," by W. H. R.; a most interesting review of "Ideals of the East," by Josephine M. Hyde, and a second contribution on "The Building of a Home," by Charles Keeler. The number also contains a frontispiece illustration, "In the Heart of the Woods," by William Keith. "Impressions Quarterly" deserves to be read by all who can

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MAN, WOMAN AND LONGEVITY

There is no surprise in the local statistics which show that the average woman lives longer than the average man in this city. Life insurance tables have shown this to be true in all civilized countries for some time. Vital statistics have also demonstrated that the average term of life for both men and women has been materially extended within a half century.

Nor are the causes far to seek. Improvement in means and mode of living during the last half century has been among its most remarkable phenomena. It has been most remarkable among wage earners. In food alone the change is unparalleled. In this country the food supply has always been ample and sufficiently diversified. Its surplus has radically altered the dietary of toil in Europe.

Fifty years ago meat was almost unknown to the wage earners of the old world. The most they knew of it was a little pork or bacon once a week. Now, thanks to the modern methods of transportation and refrigeration, labor in the old world has meat as freely almost as labor in the United States, but consumes less proportionally because of milder climates and a greater variety of vegetables raised in "little gardening." While vegetarians still insist that meat is always injurious, the sum of observation appears to be in favor of its moderate use.

Improvement in dwellings has matched improvement in diet. We have no means of showing this statistically in the United States. In the United Kingdom it is emphatically shown in the returns of dwellings with windows and chimneys. A window tax and a chimney tax, once legal and exorbitant, are among economic curiosities. The house without glazed windows and a healthful escape for smoke has almost become a curiosity except far away from settlements.

Drainage has also had a salutary part in improving living and extending age. Disposal of sewage is still in many parts of the world a baffling problem. But every year shows progress, and chemistry is rapidly coming to the fore with theories which suggest a more economical as well as a safer solution. The annually increasing water supply of cities has also contributed toward the longevity of the inhabitants, although pollution of sources has increased the malignity and diffusion of fevers.

Clothing never was so cheap as at present in countries unrobbed by tariffs. Schooling was never before so common, so hygienic or so accessible as it is now, and that carries in its train a higher intelligence in eating and drinking as well as in relation to exercise and rest.

Among the fortunate there are still other causes which conduce to longevity. Diseases of the lungs were formerly more general among the rich



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plied steamship lines have practically
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Woman necessarily derives from all
these causes the major benefit. Insanity
among farmers' families used to reach
an appalling maximum on account of
loneliness, fear, lack of heat in cold
houses, hardship of both body and
mind and dread of failure of harvests
or inability to reach market.

The trolley has brought the farm al-
most into town. It will do much more
for the farmer's wife, and daughters
when it hitches a freight car behind the
passenger car and lands vegetables,
fruits, eggs and poultry before city
doors mornings, having used the quiet
night hours for the haul, as is now free-
ly done and profitably in New England.
This trade will place cash in the pock-
ets of the labor which spends most time
producing it on the farms, woman's la-
bor, and cash promotes health.

Factory life for woman in cities has
undergone a notable amelioration in
consequence of progressive legislation
in all countries regulating hours of
labor, light, ventilation and employers'
liability for accidents. The protection
of labor and its rewards were never so
great as now, and this has been a fac-
tor in extending the average term of
human life.

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so tenderly and even luxuriously pro-
vided for. For all grades of existence
life is ampler, freer and more joyous
than in the previous century.

In consequence of these facts life in-
surance management has undergone rad-
ical modification and healthful women
are now deemed first-class risks.—*Chi-
cago Chronicle.*

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A RESOURCEFUL WOMAN.

"I think it is a foolish fashion that
so many women indulge, that of telling
their age wrongly," said the woman
with the prematurely gray hair. "I
can honestly say that I never practice
it myself."

"No?" said her friend, with many
meanings in the monosyllable.

"Well," said the first speaker, with
a smile—she was a woman with a sense
of humor; "the fact is, I don't have to.
I have a way of making myself out
younger than I am, if I wish to, with-
out telling a fib at all."

"Really?" inquired the other, cu-
riously; "in what way?"

"I put the burden of the fib all upon
the questioner. You see, when one of
my dear women friends—it is always
women who are curious on this point—
asks me how old I am, I say, 'Oh, I'm
a year or two older than you, you
know,' my dear—at least a year older.
Let me see, now, how old are you? And
then she always knocks more off my
age than I should ever have the nerve
to do myself!"—*New York Times.*

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WIDOWS IN SOCIETY

The marriage in New York of Mrs. Emma Rumsey, widow of L. M. Rumsey, to Mr. Joseph Dickson, followed so soon upon that of Mrs. Florence Thornburg and Mr. W. C. Stribling, portends much good for St. Louis society of the most exclusive set. Mrs. Dickson, who was Emma Gaty before she married the late Granite Mountain millionaire, is a member of one of the oldest and bluest bred families of St. Louis. As a girl and a matron, she was famous for her charm of manner, graciousness and excellent display of common sense. So was Mrs. Stribling, who preceded her by several weeks into a second matrimonial alliance.

The local smart set is full of eligible widows of independent wealth and fortune. Now that two of the leaders of that set have taken the step, others may follow their good example. A cursory count allots to St. Louis, at least twenty-five wealthy widows belonging to the exclusive social realm, whose period of mourning has passed the conventional stage by years. All of them own magnificent homes, and most of them are young enough to contemplate with perfect propriety another alliance as one of the natural events in their lives.

Mrs. William McMillan, of Portland place, at whose Eastern summer home her neighbors, the Striblings, were married, is herself decidedly eligible as an aspirant for second matrimonial honors. Her charming advocacy of Mrs. Stribling's quiet romance, may be fruitful of emolument for herself.

Mrs. George A. Castleman, delightful hostess and grande dame, is in the foremost ranks of eligible wealthy widows.

Mrs. Joseph L. Chambers, who was the elegant Mary Powell, Mrs. Edward Walsh, Mrs. Thomas Howard, Mrs. Henry L. Edmunds, one of the late Judge Breckenridge's splendid daughters, Mrs. John T. Davis, Mrs. Eugene Williams, are all women of elegance and great wealth, whose contemplation of renewed domestic bliss would promote all that is delightful in the social set.

Mrs. Simeon Ray, who is now in the East, the guest of Mrs. Governor Hill, of Maine, is an ideal matrimonial catch. Her hostess, Mrs. Hill, was the widow of John F. Liggett, when she married Maine's State executive. Mrs. Ray is enormously rich, bright and vivacious, and owns one of the finest homes in Berlin avenue.

Mrs. George Madill, whose rumored alliance with an eligible bachelor, has been on the tapis for some time, Mrs. Hallie Cole Hebert, Mrs. Ashley D. Scott, Mrs. Annie King, Mrs. Frances B. Aglar, Mrs. R. Graham Frost, Mrs. Sadie Knox Taussig, Mrs. Wayman McCreey and Mrs. Mitchell Scott are ladies possessed of qualities and virtues that clamor for domestic happiness. Mrs. Eleanor Clubb belongs to that category, and so do Mrs. Charles Orthwein and Mrs. Claus Vieths, representative wealthy widows in the exclusive German set.

Mrs. William Scudder, Mrs. John A. Holmes and Mrs. Dean Cooper are three

more widows of distinction in this array of eligibles in the World's Fair City. Mrs. Cooper just now is devoting her leisure hours to the care of her conservatory, which is the finest in the city. It contains some rare specimens of plants, notably some Japanese ferns, so delicate and fragile, that they are hung on a small piece of board and sprayed with an atomizer to keep them alive.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Dr. and Mrs. Fayette C. Ewing have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan C. Nugent are back from their European trip, having been gone for four months.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson and family have moved to their handsome new home, 5083 Westminster place.

Massage treatments given to ladies at their homes, by Mrs. Julia G. Bridgeman, 4585 Evans avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Griswold Comstock, who have been in Atlantic City for a month, will be home the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Trabue Pittman have returned from Narragansett Pier and other watering resorts, which they have been visiting for a month.

Mr. Samuel Cupples, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. William H. Scudder, arrived from Europe last Monday. They will be in St. Louis next Saturday.

Miss J. I. Lea's scalp treatment, massage, shampooing; perfect and sanitary care of the head and hair. Manicuring. Room 304, Century Building.

Judge Leo Rassieur, who has been abroad for six months, is expected home in a few days. With him will come several St. Louisans, who went across early in May.

Mr. S. H. Dodd and his nieces, the Misses Dodd, returned from the Adirondacks this week and went at once to their new home in Vandeventer place, which was prepared for them during their absence.

Miss Gladys Kerens, the pretty young daughter of Col. and Mrs. Richard C. Kerens, is the guest of Miss Eleanor Wickham, at Jamestown, R. I., where the Wickhams have a beautiful summer cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Chouteau Scott are back from the Pacific coast, where they enjoyed long outings with their own automobile that they had shipped there before they started for the coast.

After a sojourn of two months in the mountains of Virginia, Mrs. C. W. Squires and daughter have returned home. The month of August was spent in Bristol with the Rev. W. H. T. Squires, who has a pastorate in that city.

The Grand Avenue Hotel Confectionery and Bakery, Grand avenue and Olive street, prepares twice a day fresh the finest, most wholesome bread, rolls, cakes, pastry, ices and ice creams and confections of every description. Meals at all hours.

Miss Adele Humphrey, daughter of F. W. Humphrey, an exceedingly attractive girl, who has been at school in Boston for several seasons, will be informally introduced into the smart set this coming season by Mrs. J. W. Loader, of 4161 Lindell boulevard.

The engagement of Mr. Edwin Puller to Miss Mathilde Anderson, of Denver, Colo., a niece of Mrs. M. A. Lague, of St. Louis, will soon remove from bachelor ranks, one of the most eligible of that class. The wedding will take place October 5 at the home of Mrs. Lague, in Lindell boulevard.

Capt. and Mrs. Franklin L. Ridgely will return this week from New York, where they topped off their summer outing in the New Hampshire mountains with a stay at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker, of Lindell boulevard, are back from their California tour. They spent some time at San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill.

The Grand Avenue Hotel's coterie of guests includes a number of the most notable of the smart set. Those who

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have already taken possession of their winter quarters there, are Mr. and Mrs. Augustus M. Hebard, who summered in the mountains of New Hampshire; Mr. and Mrs. G. Paddock, who summered at Newport and Jamestown; Mr. and Mrs. Kennett Bryan and child; Mme. Armand Peugnet and her nieces, the Misses Barthold, who will be joined by Mme. De Giverville in a few days; Miss Emily Maffitt; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hirsch, and Mr. Theodore Bowman, who will be joined shortly by Mrs. Bowman. The British Ambassador has the refusal of a suite of rooms to be occupied during his visit to the World's Fair, and Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, with her son, Capt. Sartoris, and her youngest daughter, and two maids, will also be among Mrs. Girardi's guests during the winter.

Stella: "How does Jack make love?" Bella: "Well, I should define it as unskilled labor." And then Bella launched off into enthusiastic commendation of the merits of Swope's shoes, which she regards as the product of the most artistic, skilled labor. Bella knows all about these shoes, having worn no other for years. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. They are for sale at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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THEATRICALS

"A Chinese Honeymoon" and Katie Barry reached the Olympic Theater last Sunday night from an enormously long run at the New York Casino. Miss Barry, who led the original cast in instant popularity, is about the only one left over from the old cast, save William Pruetto, who contributed an excellent imitation of a Chinaman as Hi Lung. The English musical comedy is one of those clever conceits which adapts itself admirably to tasteful costuming, scenery and accessories, and gives clever performers a chance to overcome vacuities of plot and dialogue. There is a continuous presentation of pictures full of rich, harmonious color, dainty animation and wonderful scene construction. What pleases most is the entire absence of sensational posturing, so common with Casino shows that have been set here. The costumes are fashioned with an eye to modesty, and the bevy of pretty girls, who cavort about the stage as bridesmaids, waiting maids and what not, taking their sue from the very gowns they wear so gracefully, move with becoming nicety through the scores of dances and marches in the piece. It is this ingenious absence of gauze and veiling which accentuate the nakedness of flesh-colored tights that makes "A Chinese Honeymoon" the most delightful of all Casino productions ever brought before a St. Louis audience. The lines are free from smut, and the comedy is clean and harmless, while Violet Dale, who was here last year with the "Liberty Belles," is a very good Mrs. Pineapple, and Marie Conwell an acceptable Princess Soo Soo. Katie Barry is the most novel diversion of the comedy. She is a small edition of cockney femininity who plays the "slavey" at an English Hotel in China. Miss Barry's humor is irresistible, her laughter infectious, and her grotesque antics are always within the bounds of propriety. She is no "gallery" player. Her fun and frolics are always addressed to the company with whom she plays, and it is this tact, so rarely found in actors and actresses, that drives the Barry comedy straight home to the instant sympathy of the auditor. Let me recommend those who cannot overcome a disappointment over Mr. Thomas Seabrooke's absence from the cast to Fred Mace's singing of "Mr. Dooley." It is a splendid bit of imitation and deserves the highest praise.

"King Dodo's" staying qualities are great. Here he is again, at the Century, doing a land-office business for Manager Savage and pleasing large audiences night after night. Savage, who is always strong in choruses, has sent on an aggregation of singers that, vocally or otherwise, leave nothing to be desired. The dances are graceful and lively, and executed with splendid rhythm. Richard Golden's King Dodo

compares favorably with that of his predecessors, and Maude Williams as Piola, the part created by Cheridah Simpson, makes us forget the statuesque beauty of the sweet name, by her own loveliness. Her voice is splendid and leaps to the front magnificently in the march song, "The Lad Who Leads." The major and minor parts of this season's "King Dodo" are capably filled. Next week, "The Tenderfoot," new here, will come to the Century with Richard Carle in the leading role.

"Hoity Toity," the Weber and Field success which is on view at the Grand Opera House this week, is high-class entertainment. That is demonstrated at the first glance of the opening scene after the Weberfieldian misproducts that have been parading in St. Louis under that label all summer. There is a snap and vigor to a Weber and Field production that cannot be imitated. The stage settings are elaborate, and are evidently those used in the New York production. The costumes are all fresh, clean and new, having been duplicated for the road, instead of, as is usually the case, sending the road company out with the old and shopworn costumes. Such transformation scenes have, not been seen at the Grand Opera House since the days when it was the leading house, and not even then, for stage ingenuity had not reached so high a plane. All the principals in the cast are clever people, especially La Pelle Dixon and Lillian Durham, with her foil, Nellie Sylvester, as Daisy Ragtime. A budding, fun-bubbling chorus of girls, whom no one selects with greater care than Weber and Field, appears in all the ensembles, singing the numbers with spirit and precision. "Hoity Toity" is, so far, the most ambitious production that has come to the Grand Opera House, but it is only a little in advance of many more of the best successes that are ever sent out of New York. Next week Manager Sheehy has "The Funny Mr. Dooley" booked at his house.

The Imperial Theater's offering this week is another of those sensational melodramas that appeal so strongly to the never-to-be-satiated heart of a certain class of theater-goers. "The Queen of the Highway" is the title of the play, which is equipped with gorgeous scenery, fresh from the painters, and not a bit shopworn, although the "Queen" was seen last year at this house. That it was well remembered and preferred to other newer things was demonstrated by two enormous audiences last Sunday, and crowded houses ever since. Manager Russell's clientele is very faithful. Having been offered good entertainment with a piece, one year only enhances its value for the next as a drawing card. The

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cast is excellent, especially as the leading roles are in clever hands. A car load of livestock, dogs, ponies and other animals, go with the show and fill it with life and animation. Next week "A Human Slave" will be the dramatic offering at this house.

"A Human Slave," which is announced at the Imperial Theater next week, is full of unique character studies. One of the villains is an Italian named Giovanni, a splendidly written and acted character. There are also two rough diamonds, respectively named Toby and Sleeker, a young man and a young woman of the mills, who

are legitimately funny. A love scene between the two is comedy of a very high order. Miss Edna Reming will be seen as Toby, Mr. James McElhern as Sleeker, and Mr. S. S. Sylvester as Giovanni. Miss Olive Martin and Miss Nellie Dunbar also have prominent parts, while the production is said to be the best of the year melodramatically, being under the personal direction of Mr. J. M. Ward.

Mr. John H. Havlin will bring his big production of E. S. Willard's success, "The Middleman," to the Imperial Theater during Fair week. It will be a revelation at popular prices, the pro-

duction being complete in every detail, with Horace Lewis, the sterling actor, in the leading role.

Frank B. Carr's "Thoroughbred Burlesquers" are delighting the large audiences at the Standard Theater this week. This playhouse is rendered delightfully cool these warm autumn nights by the continuous moving of 30 electric fans. The vaudeville is headed by Mlle. La Tosca, while Washburne and Flynn, the Empire Comedy 4, and Kennedy and Evans and Russel and O'Neill contribute not a little to the entertainment, while 25 beautiful coryphees delight the lovers of the terpsichorean art. Next week the "Tiger Lilies" will be the attraction. It is a superb organization. It includes artists of known and salient merit. As an extra feature, the management has secured How, Berry and Walters, a trio of wonderfully musical artists.

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DELMAR RESUME

Barney Schreiber's Baggerly proved something of a surprise in the stake event at Delmar, last Saturday, the two-year-old meeting a field of fair class and beating them rather handily at good odds. Owing to a slow and heavy track, the time was not what it should have been.

Old Stone is one of this season's crop of two-year-olds who is coming to the front as a distance performer. In his race of last week against Brancas and Ben Adkins he ran third, but he could have been closer up at the end. He gives promise of developing into a good handicap performer when three years old.

Ben Adkins has learned how to stay in his races. Like many of Donald A.'s get, he has a tendency to sprint rather than to run a strong race throughout. He seems to be overcoming this failing, however, and now lasts six furlongs with ease. He is probably the best performer among Donald A.'s progeny that has been shown here this year.

In the all-aged division, Little Scout, from the Bennett stable, seems to have a god margin of advantage. Little Scout is a slow beginner, and this counts against him in races shoretr than one mile and seventy yards. At one mile and one-eighth he is about at his best.

This tendency to begin slowly does not affect him in the mud, however. In his race against Jordan, Siddons and others, last week, he fairly sprinted away from the bunch which was laboring in the slow going. He won handily at even money.

Siddons bids fair to work well in distance events. He came strongly at the end of the same race, and finished well up behind Little Scout.

Of the bad races in the last few days, Miss Golightly's deserves especial mention. Well backed at 8 to 5, she ran a miserable race last week. It was an effort that would well have justified judicial action of one sort or another, as

the going was of the sort wherein she has run some of her best races.

LOVELY ERRING WOMAN

As a criminal, a woman excels. There are certain mean forms of criminality which she has made peculiarly her own. It takes a woman to throw vitriol, for example, and it takes a woman to run a baby farm with weekly killings for a few pounds. History and Madame Tussaud's are standing witnesses to woman's criminal competence. For the sake of decency we will draw a veil over both history and waxworks. It is a hard saying, but a true one, that a bad woman is very bad indeed. And most women are more or less bad. The truth is not in them. Many of them drink. Some of them are shoplifters and kleptomaniacs. Some of them are wicked in other ways. If one were to believe the

novelists and the women's rights people, one would be convinced that butter could not melt in a woman's mouth. Innocence of the most blue-eyed character is, according to these worthies, woman's chief attribute. She is too proud to beg and oh! she cannot steal. When she does steal it is for her child. All her failings are to Virtue's side. When you catch her red-handed with a dozen of Mr. Whiteley's excellent spoons in her fingers, it is because the family at home are wanting spoons. One must make every allowance. The poor thing was distraught. She had had a difference with her husband, or words with the milkman, so that she could not resist the sight of blouses lying round loose with nobody to hold them. It is moral aberration and quite excusable even if found out. I shall probably find myself in great-hot-water for saying it,

but I am of opinion that moral aberration is just as common among women as kissing. They simply cannot keep their little hands from picking and stealing.—T. W. H. Crosland, in "Lovely Woman."

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

IN ARIZONA.

They were making inquiries about the deceased.

"And didn't my friend extract his revolver from his holster with sufficient speed?" asked one of the men from the East.

"No," replied Pesky Pete, "he did not. While your friend was extracting his revolver from his holster, just as you say, Old Bill just naturally pulled his gun and all was over."



FIRE SALE

NOW ON!!

The greatest Fire Sale of the century is now in full blaze at

402-404 N. Fourth St. NEAR CORNER OF LOCUST.

Store jammed—sidewalks crowded—street almost impassable—nothing like it ever seen at any previous sale ever held in St. Louis. Aloe's entire \$250,000 stock of fire, smoke and water damaged as well as all perfect goods, going at the most astounding reductions ever heard of. The wreck and havoc of prices is complete. The Fire Insurance Companies stand the loss! Come and take the goods away! Here is a hint of the marvelous scope and variety of goods which this sale offers to the Housewife, the Artists, Photographers, Draughtsmen, Architects, Engineers, Surveyors, Doctors, Surgeons, Students of this city.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES.

Our entire art gallery at your own price—Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Etchings, Engravings, Pastels, Posters and Studies—Picture Frames of every style—all in splendid condition.

CHINA, GLASSWARE, BRONZES, MARBLES.

Fancy Decorated French and German China, Bohemian and Rich Gold Glassware, Real Cut Glassware in every style and shape. Imported Bronzes and Italian Marble Figures and Busts.

GOLD-PLATED NOVELTIES.

Clocks, Candelabra, Ink Wells, Thermometers, Jewel Cases, Picture Frames, etc.

LEATHER GOODS.

Wrist Bags, Pocketbooks, Fitted Carriage Bags, Music Rolls and Leather Desk Novelties.

JEWELRY.

Brooches, Stick and Lace Pins, Lockets, Bracelets, Beads, Shell Combs, a tremendous stock.

VASES, BRIC-A-BRAC.

No limit to the assortment—the richest picking you ever saw in all your life.

FANCY GOODS.

St. Louis' grandest stock of Fancy Goods. No fire on the first floor, so these goods are in almost perfect condition.

WHITE CHINA

For decorating—a complete line—not damaged at all.

PYROGRAPHY, OR WOOD BURNING, MATERIALS.

Points, Bellows, Stamped and Unstamped Woods.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Studies, Plaques, Oil, Pastel, Mineral and Water Colors, Brushes, Pencils, Roman Golds, Pastes, Canvas, Easels, Sketching Boxes, etc.

MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT.

A rich treat for architects, designers, surveyors, civil engineers, draftsmen, artists and students. Goods in almost perfect condition. Surveying and Drawing Instruments. Level and Transit Books. Surveyors' Chains. Steel Tapes of every kind. Bristol Boards, Drawing Paper, Tracing Cloth, Triangle and Parallel Rules. Artists' Rubber. Lead Pencils, India Ink, etc.

OPTICAL GOODS.

Not touched by fire—damaged by smoke and water only. Eye-glasses and Spectacles, Opera Glasses and Lorgnettes, Field and Marine Glasses, Telescopes and Microscopes, Thermometers, Barometers and Hydrometers. Magnifying, Picture and Reading Glasses.

CAMERAS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

Our entire tremendous stock of Cameras and Photographic Supplies for amateurs and professionals. View Cameras, Hawkeye, Poco, Weno, Century and Aloe Cameras, Lenses, Plates, Films, Albums, Card Mounts, Ruby Lamps, Plate Holders, Negative Racks, Developing Trays, Fixing Boxes, Printing Frames, Chemicals and complete Developing and Printing Outfits.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

High-class goods in perfect condition. Steam and Clock Working Boats, Upright and Horizontal Engines, Magic Lanterns and Slides, Steam and Clock Working Trains to run on tracks.

STATIONERY.

SEALS, ETC.

Here's our entire Stationery Department—Society Note Papers, Envelopes, Ink, Seals, Tally and Luncheon Cards—Waterman, Ideal and other Fountain Pens—all go at terrific reductions.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS PHYSICIANS' SUPPLIES.

High-grade goods—the greater part in perfect condition—balance only slightly injured by an occasional drop of water. Surgical instruments. Microscopes—all grades. Anatomical Models. General Operating Cases. Pocket Instrument Cases. Instrument Bags. Medicine Cases—Saddlebags. Air Compressors and Electric Batteries. White Enameled Hospital Furniture. Sickroom Supplies. Trusses and Crutches. Supporters and Suspensories. Fountain Syringes—Water Bags. Antiseptic Dressings. Invalids' Rolling Chairs, etc.

Our OPTICAL DEPARTMENT For the examination of eyes and the fitting of glasses will be maintained in the handsome store at **312 NORTH BROADWAY,** BETWEEN OLIVE AND LOCUST STREETS. Directly Opposite Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney.



**"STIMULATION
WITHOUT IRRITATION"
MEANS NEW LIFE TO THE SCALP.**

This appliance will massage the scalp and force a free and healthful circulation. It will stop hair from falling out and restore a normal growth where live follicles exist. The cap is used about ten minutes twice a day, and the effects are pleasant from the very beginning. Sold on 30 days' trial.

Call on or address,

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.,
ST. LOUIS OFFICE, FULLERTON BUILDING.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 1300 BROADWAY.

NOTE: To those who find it convenient to call at our offices, we will give a sufficient number of demonstrations free to satisfy them as to the merit of this appliance.

Nathan Sacks,

PIANIST.

Pupil of Leschetizky,

Will accept a limited number of pupils of sufficient advancement from October 1st. Applications will be received during September on Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 to 6 P. M.

Tuition for Term of Ten Weeks.
Two forty-minute lessons, weekly...\$30.00
One hour-lesson, weekly.....\$25.00

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Letters . .**

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PERSONS
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

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Approval Sheets, 10, 25
and 50% Commission

Foreign Stamps, Packets, Hinges
and Collectors' Supplies

H. G. Stiebel, Jr.,

3512 Washington Av., St. Louis, Mo.

KOERNER'S GARDEN Week of Sun.
September 13

LAWRENCE HANLEY
and Company

PRESENTS SHERIDAN KNOWLES'
SUBLIME TRAGEDY,

VIRGINIUS

The Noblest Roman of Them All.
Mr. Hanley as VIRGINIUS
Miss Bateman as VIRGINIA
All cars transfer. Best service.

THE TERRIBLE IN FICTION

BY JACK LONDON.

Putting the horror-story outside the pale, can any story be really great, the theme of which is anything but tragic or terrible? Can the sweet commonplaces of life be made into anything else than sweetly commonplace stories? It would not seem so. The great short stories in the world's literary treasure-house seem all to depend upon the tragic and terrible for their strength and greatness. Not half of them deal with love at all; and when they do, they derive their greatness, not from the love itself, but from the tragic and terrible with which the love is involved.

Yet the conditions which obtained in Poe's time obtain just as inexorably to-day. No self-respecting editor with an eye to the subscription-list can be bribed or bullied into admitting a terrible or tragic story into his magazine; while the reading public, when it does chance upon such stories in one way or another—and it manages to chance upon them somehow—says it does not care for them.

A person reads such a story, lays it down with a shudder, and says: "It makes my blood run cold. I never want to read anything like that again." Yet he or she will read something like that again, and again, and yet again, and return and read them over again. Talk with the average man or woman of the reading public and it will be found that they have read all, or nearly all, of the terrible or horrible tales which have been written. Also, they will shiver, express a dislike for such tales, and then proceed to discuss them with a keenness and understanding as remarkable as it is surprising.

When it is considered that so many condemn these tales and continue to read them (as is amply proved by heart-to-heart experience and by the book sales such as Poe's), the question arises: Are folk honest when they shudder and say they do not care for the terrible, the horrible, and the tragic? Do they really not like to be afraid? Or are they afraid that they do like to be afraid? Deep down in the roots of the race is fear. It came first into the world, and it was the dominant emotion in the primitive world. To-day, for that matter, it remains the most firmly seated of the emotions. The facts of the case remain. The public is afraid of fear-exciting tales and hypocritically continues to enjoy them.—*Critic.*

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Unusually low rates to Colorado, Yellowstone Park, California, and great northwest. Descriptive matter and full particulars Union Pacific R. R. Co., 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

LACKED EXPERIENCE.

Mamma—"Don't let me catch you in a lie again, you naughty boy!"
Johnny—"I won't, if I can help it; but I haven't had the experience that pa has had."

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.
...Fine Tailoring...
880 OLIVE STREET
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE
St. Louis, Mo.

Hon. Jos. W. Folk,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:--

Our business increased over 200 per cent. from 1899 to 1902. The list of glued-to-MacCarthy-Evans customers has grown from less than 1000 when we started in business to 4500 when we start this letter in your direction.

A lot of people must have found our tailoring attached to our medium, not fancy, prices, more pleasing than the tailoring and the prices of the "other fellow."

The natural inference is, of course, that you would fall in line as one of our steady customers if you once gave us a trial. Our desire to prove to you our ability to suit the most particular in every particular is the reason for this letter.

The 1903--04 Fall and Winter fabrics are on our counters awaiting your examination. All exclusive styles. We are ready to give you our best attention whenever you're ready to call.

Yours very respectfully,
JACMACARTHY-EVANS TAILORING CO.,
Joe MacCarthy Pres.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
Sam S. Shubert & Nixon
& Zimmerman's
singing success

A
Chinese
Honeymoon.
Regular Mat. Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,
Robert B. Mantell
IN

"The Light of
Other Days"
Reserved Seats Thurs.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
Richard Golden

in the Comedy Opera
King Dodo.
Regular Mat. Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,
Richard Carle

in the merry musical
comedy triumph
The Tenderfoot

GRAND

Mats. Wed., Sat.
Good Seats, 25c.
Night Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.
One of Weber and Field's Greatest Successes,

HOITY TOITY.

Next Sunday Matinee—The Funny Mr. Dooley.

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily

THIS WEEK
FRANK B. CARR'S

**Thoroughbred
Burlesquers**

NEXT WEEK

**TIGER
LILIES**

Cooldest Place in Town—30-Electric Fans-30

Six High-Class Races

DAILY,

RAIN OR SHINE,

—AT—

Delmar Jockey Club

First Race, 2:30 P. M.

Admission to Grounds and Grand Stand, \$1

IMPERIAL Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
25c Matinees Daily, 25c.

WEEK
STARTING
SUN. MAT.
SEPT. 20,
A
HUMAN
SLAVE.

Next—Winsome Patrice in "Driven from Home"

HANDLAN'S PARK LACLEDE AND
GRAND AVES

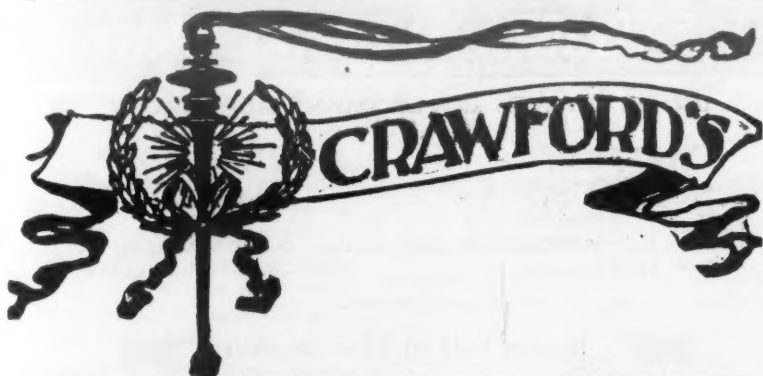
PAIN'S Historical Spectacle, BURNING OF

\$2,000
DISPLAY OF **Fireworks** EVERY
NIGHT.

Concerts every evening in Roman Gardens by De Baugh's Famous Twentieth Century Band.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

Seats for sale at Bollman Bros.' and at the grounds. Doors open 6:30. Concert at 7. Performance begins 8:15.



THE NEW FALL GOODS
AT THE
Crawford Store
Are the Talk of the Town

MILLINERY SECOND FLOOR



Particular display is being made of rich PATTERN HATS, of pretty SUIT AND STREET HATS, of fine READY-TO-WEAR HATS, rare flowers and feathers, of choice collection of novelties.

We desire to inform our friends that special effort was made to insure careful and choice selection of all that is newest and prettiest and possess the requirements that constitute correct style. The productions of our own workrooms are wonderful. We have prepared a varied and extensive line of hats, practical in style, moderate in price and you only have to call at CRAWFORD'S to procure the BEST THING IN THE MILLINERY LINE IN THE CITY, FOR THE LOWEST PRICE.

We have trimmed velvet Hats, with satin ribbon, wings, birds, etc.—Opening Price\$1.75
Something still better, \$2.98.

Silk velvet Hats, in all shades, trimmed with the newest materials—Opening Price\$4.95
Beautiful dress Hats, exact reproduction of French models—Opening Price\$10.00

The Suit Parlors SECOND FLOOR

Contains garments innumerable of the very latest imported designs—some are gorgeous, with the new Oriental trimmings, while for the more moderate purses are to be found the more modest designs, but equally high class in tone and finish.

The "Victoria" Suit, of green cloth with white flecks, piped with a lighter shade of green velvet, cuffs of stitched velvet, cape and entire coat lined with satin, skirt with plaited inserts—in fact, a very handsome Suit—Our Opening Price\$25.00

All-Wool Snow-Flaked Homespun Suits, jacket satin lined, collar and cuffs of black velvet and the new patent leather belt; eleven-gore skirt with straps and the new habit back—Our Opening Price\$32.50

Canvas Cheviot Suits with a zibilene finish, in blues, browns and black; new skirt coat, with patent leather belt and velvet collar; seven-gore skirt—Our Special Opening Price\$18.50

Eskimo Cloth Wraps, most elaborately trimmed with velvet and soutach braid, new chenille ornaments and Oriental buttons, beautifully lined and finished—Our Opening Price, from\$62.50 to \$125.00

Elegant Cloth Kersey Wraps, half-fitted back, cape over shoulders, trimmed with the new tab ornaments and buttons; also elaborately finished with wide soutach braid in a harmonizing color—Our Opening Price, for this line, from\$25.00 to \$47.50

Kersey Cloth Jackets, collar and cuffs beautifully trimmed with self cloth and velvet, stitched in the new designs—Opening Price\$7.50

Fancy Vesting, Damask and Cotton Crepe Waists, in the very newest designs, all tailored and beautifully made, from98c to \$8.75



Lace Department

New effects on Wood-Fiber Cluny Bands and Medallions, in white and black, from 2 to 10 inches wide—Opening Prices, 65c, 75c, 85c, up to \$6.00 a yard.

Another novelty this season is the Silk Teneriffe All-Overs, with bands to match, in cream and black—Opening Price, 30c, 50c, up to \$2.50 a yard.

Plauen Bands, Galloons and Separable Medallions, with new drawnwork effects, in ivory, butter and ecru; all widths—Opening Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c up to \$7.00 a yard.

New ideas in Valenciennes and Point de Paris Laces, with two and three widths of insertions to match—Opening Prices, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, up to 75c a yard.

An endless variety of Point Venice and Irish Crochet All-Overs with bands, edges and galloons to match, in cream and white—Opening Prices, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, up to \$8.00 a yard.

AT \$1.50—The Very latest novelties in 50-inch All-Wool Imported Canvas and Etamines, in knob effects, and English Twines Bourette—Special Opening Price\$1.50

New Black Goods

The latest novelties in fine Black Fabrics will be on sale at special opening prices.

AT 79c—46-inch All-Wool Black Crepe de Egyptia and Prunella—Special Opening Price79c

AT 89c—45-inch All-Wool Black Pana Zibeline, Thibet Cloth and Canvas Hopsacking—Special Opening Price89c

AT 98c—54-inch All-Wool Black Doeskin Cloth, Broadcloth, Basket Weave Novelties and Sharkskin Weaves—Opening Price...98c

AT \$1.25—50-inch All-Wool Black Imported Wave Mistral, Burlap Cloth, London Twine Etamine and Aeolians—Special Opening Price\$1.25


WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

THE STOCK MARKET

Stocks in Wall street appear to be on the down-grade again. There has been quite good selling in the last few days for both long and short account. While transactions were on a comparatively small scale, the bears appeared to be suspiciously active at times—and determined to bring about a lower range of values. On the decline, there was some buying for inside account, especially in the high-grade railroad stocks. The general feeling is one of the utmost uncertainty, with a decidedly bearish tinge. Investment buying is not in evidence to any perceptible extent. Even the best investment issues are suffering from neglect.

The United States Steel issues have suddenly developed renewed weakness, the common dropping below its previous low point, touching 19 7/8, and the preferred to about 69. The impression is growing apace that the dividend on the common will be reduced; some predict that it will be passed altogether. If the latter should prove the case, the price would surely decline to about 15. There is a suspicion that on the late small bulges insiders have been putting out some extensive short lines. At least this is the opinion prevailing in usually well-informed circles. The 5 per cent bonds continue to hang around the bottom; there is little demand for them. It is quite likely that they will soon sell at 75.

The boom in Atchison appears to have culminated. On the high level, there was some fine selling, presumably by those who had been slyly putting forth the stories of a gigantic deal with the Rock Island. The shares of the latter road experience sharp bulges at irregular intervals, but appear to be destined to see lower prices. Insiders have been selling them by the ream. Undoubtedly the public is holding more of the shares than should prove good for it. The capitalization of this company is hugely inflated; it is out of all proportion to its mileage. The prospective bond issues for various purposes of improvement, unification, extension, and what not, are not likely to inspire the investing community with confidence in the intrinsic merits of the shares.



Make your dollars work for you! We pay interest on all deposits; 2 per cent allowed on current accounts subject to check, 3 per cent allowed on time and savings deposits. Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$8,200,000.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.
FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS

The monetary situation remains in *statu quo*. Sterling exchange showed a slightly weakening tendency in the last few days, but is still well above the gold importing point. One encouraging feature is the decline in cotton prices, inasmuch as it holds out the prospect that before long there will be a larger supply of foreign exchange bills. In Europe, money appears to be rising in value. The late advance in the discount rate of the Bank of England has already exerted its influence in the open market, and led to a perceptible stiffening in time and call loan rates. Further, though smaller, shipments of gold were made to Germany a few days ago, also to Roumania and Egypt. The belief obtains among the *haute finance* that the Bank of England directors will soon find themselves compelled to advance the discount rate to 5 per cent in order to prevent further withdrawals of the yellow metal.

The position of the Associated Banks of New York is quite comfortable, compared with what it was some time ago, yet one cannot but view with some apprehension the distended loan account, which is still in excess of deposits. According to the opinion of conservative financiers, this excess is one of the indubitable symptoms of real weakness in the situation. The late arrivals of gold from Australia tend to encourage hopes that the crop-moving season's requirements will be met without producing any jarring disturbances. However, the real test has yet to come. A few weeks hence, the momentary position may bear a decidedly different aspect than it does at this writing.

Heavy selling in Brooklyn Rapid Transit made its appearance latterly. The stock utterly lacks in strength. The occasional flurries that it undergoes are due altogether to covering of short lines. Rumors are still current of a comprehensive consolidation scheme, but they seem to have lost their effect. According to all current signs and omens, Brooklyn Rapid Transit is bound to see lower prices. There is likewise a very bearish feeling on Metropolitan. Those who pretend to be half-way reliable prophets freely predict that the stock is on the way to 80.

The Government's report on the corn crop was in line with expectations, but its favorable influence was offset by a lower estimate on wheat. From present indications it would seem that a two billion yield of corn is assured, in spite of the fact that the late-planted fields will not be entirely out of danger of frost until about the tenth of October. Taken all in all, the agricultural position is much more encouraging than it promised to be a few weeks ago. For another year to come, at least, the railroads will have all the business they can handle, and more to boot. This holds out the reasonable prospect that, notwithstanding recent increases in expenditures, owing to higher prices of material and wages, the net results may continue thoroughly gratifying to shareholders. Some of the lately submitted statements were surprisingly good and, but for the feeling of suspicion and lethargy prevailing in Wall street, would

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, Pres. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Asst Cashier.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E. COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd Steamship Line

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

\$10,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.
SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.
3% on Savings Accounts.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND & STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

. Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS

H. Wood, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

surely have led to a decisive upward movement all along the line.

In the iron and steel trade conditions are growing more perplexing. The tendency in prices is undoubtedly downward. According to the *Iron Trade Review*, "there is no positive development to give assurance that the present level can be maintained. Contract buying is of such small proportions as to give little clue to the requirements of consuming interest. . . Steel has been sold by independent producers below the \$27 Pittsburg basis established by the pool, and a meeting of the Steel Billet Association is expected in the near future to consider prices." Another authority says that "on September 1st, for the first time this year, furnace stocks of pig iron exceeded a week's capacity of the furnaces in blast." More and more does it become apparent that the lean period for the iron and steel industry is not as far off as exuberant optimists would have us believe.

For the immediate future prospects favor a downward trend in market values, though nothing like a genuine bear movement. It would require a serious pinch in money rates to provoke further extensive liquidation. There is no inducement for the small-waisted fellow to enter the speculative lists. The best he can do is to take a back seat for a while, and let somebody else do the buying, selling and worrying.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Trading in the local market continues on a disappointingly small scale. There is neither investment nor speculative demand. Those who bought at higher prices, and still hold their stocks, are waiting for a rise to get out, while the bargain hunters hold aloof, thinking the bottom has not as yet been reached.

St. Louis Transit declined to 18 lately. The stock is weak, undoubtedly. It acts very much as if it intended to seek a still lower level. United Railways preferred is a "lame duck" at 66½ bid, 67 asked. The 4 per cent bonds are a trifle lower; the last sale was made at 80.

The declaration of a dividend, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, on Missouri Trust, caused a little, temporary bulge in the shares. At one time it looked as if the price would be rushed up to 130, but it began to waver at 129; at this writing, it is down to 128 again. The Commonwealth Trust Co. has advanced its dividend rate from 8 to 10 per cent per annum. There has been no sale of the stock for some days. American Exchange is quoted at 340 bid, 360 asked; for Lincoln Trust 250 is asked. For Mercantile Trust 350 is bid; none is offering.

Money is in good demand, with interest rates firm at 5½ and 6½ per cent. Sterling exchange is slightly lower, being quoted at 4.86%.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. L. R., De Soto, Mo.—Would advise selling Ontario & Western if it should reach your point. Cannot recommend buying American Smelting common, in spite of large surplus of company.

Drexel.—You might hold Cotton Belt preferred, since you are well protected. Stock has had a good decline. Don't think much of Kansas & Texas common.

Lewis F., Chillicothe, O.—Consider Illinois Central good investment. Might go a little lower, but think will reach your point again. The present dividend payments are well assured of continuance.

S. W. E., Houston, Tex.—Would con-

tinue to hold Southern Pacific. Stock lodged in strong hands. Think Missouri Pacific should do better later on. Keep out of Chicago-Great Western.

B. D. T.—No, cannot advise purchases of Copper shares on a shoestring margin; Tennessee Coal & Iron should go lower. So should Sugar.

\$12.00 TO NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN.

Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell round trip tickets at above rate from St. Louis and Cairo, Ill., and intermediate stations to New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery and other Southern points on September 15 and October 20. Liberal limits and stop-overs. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

CUT OUT HARRY.

For the love of heaven, why don't the Eastern editors cut out Harry Lehr? This fellow, formerly a liquor man, married a rich man's widow, and is now occupying his bed. He seems to be a clever monkey, and "society" raves about him. This is bad enough, but the Eastern editors write about him. We admire such men as Andrew Carnegie, and J. Pierpont Morgan, for they have accomplished something, but we cannot admire a man who is living on another man's life insurance.—*Atchison Globe*.



BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,
C. L. HILLERY, A. G. P. A. St. Louis.

CARMODY'S,
213 N. Eighth St.
FINEST LIQUORS
THAT'S ALL.



WABASH

EASE OF TRAVEL
ON THE
WABASH.

The ease with which the trains on the WABASH LINE run has often been the subject of remark by travelers. It is not unusual to see patrons enjoying their morning shave, as comfortably as at home, while traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

THROUGH CARS are run between St. Louis and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and St. Paul; between Chicago and Buffalo, New York, Boston and Montreal; between Kansas City and Buffalo.

The Wabash Line has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in St. Louis. All Wabash through trains pass through the beautiful Forest Park and stop at World's Fair Station in order to give passengers an opportunity to view from the trains the World's Fair Buildings.

For information as to rates, routes, etc., address
C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO

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4

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TRAINS.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON LIMITED.
Leaves St. Louis 8:30 a. m. daily.

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